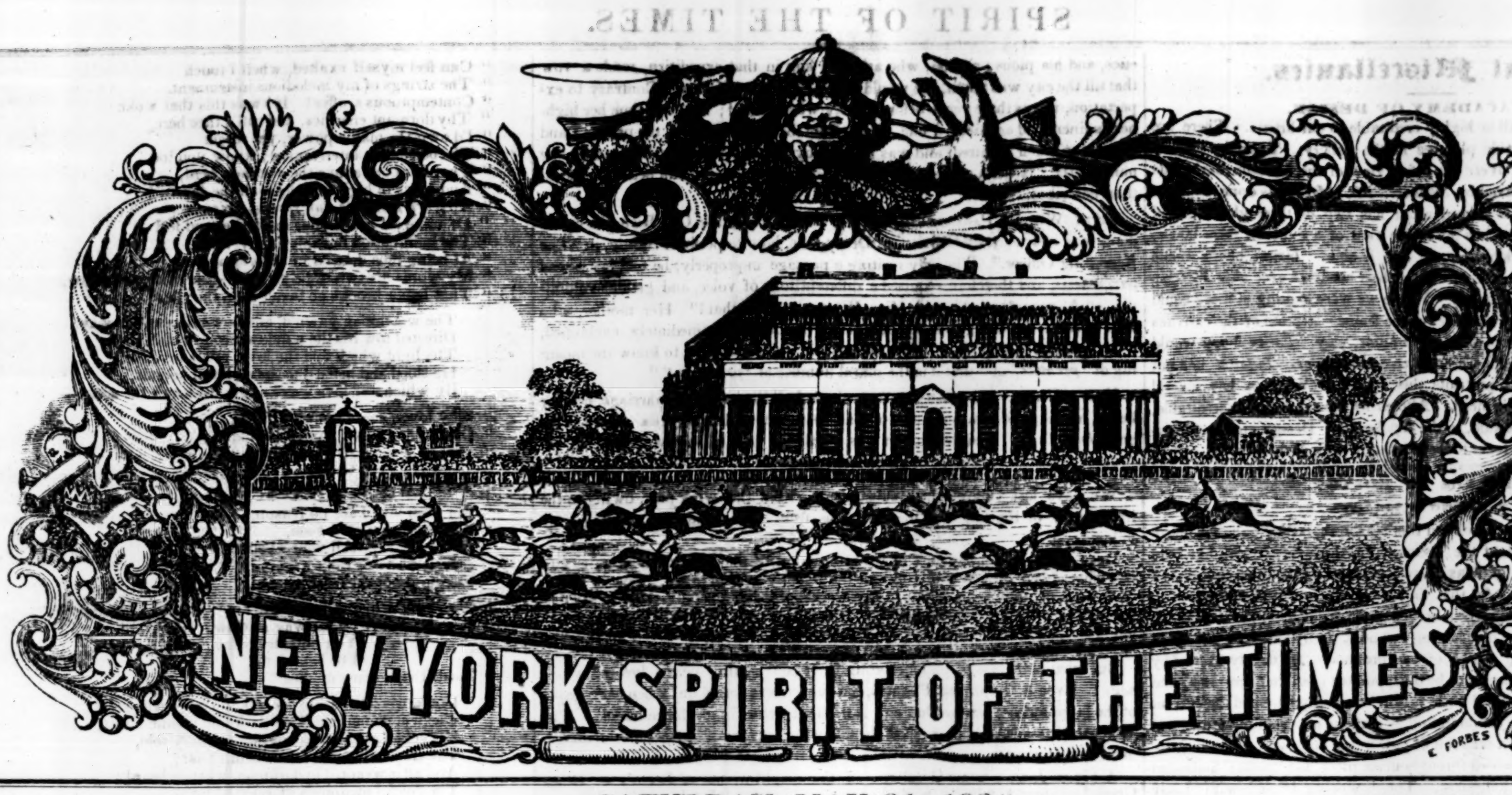

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 14.

Salmagundi.

An American gentleman is missing from Richardson's Piazza Hotel under very mysterious circumstances.

Mrs. Butler, late Miss Fanny Kemble, is expected to arrive in London in May, accompanied by her husband.

We read the other day that a fellow was convicted for stealing some lead belonging to Lord Palmerston. This we think extremely unjust: had the fellow stolen some of his Lordship's *brass*—his political stock in trade—then indeed transportation would have been proper punishment.

Count D'Orsay was heard to remark the other day that the reason so many steeple chases have taken place this season was because it was *leap year*.

It is considered a curious circumstance that the Chimpanzee Monkey should cut his stick on Saturday, and our respected young friend Cub Ellice be out of mourning on Sunday. One young monkey should at least have the decency to go into black for another.

Easter Offerings.—Customary to our annual usage, we this year present to our readers an authentic list of Easter Offerings from the noble to the ignoble, the distinguished to the extinguished, the lovely to the unlovely, *et vice versa*. Whether they rival in value and curiosity those which have in "Ages" gone by been recorded, we leave to be determined by a reference to our "old files," who are sagacious arbitrators and sage judges. It will be seen in this march of the intellectual age the leading gifts are books.

The Prince de Talleyrand has sent to Lord Melbourne the long-lost treatise by Machiavelli, entitled "How to carry on a Government by bribing one-half of the people, robbing the other, and cheating all."

Joseph Hume has received from the Society of Antiquaries "The Original History of Mother Goose."

Mr O'Connell was respectfully presented with a copy of "The Lives of Eminent Rogues," with his own portrait as a frontispiece.

Mr. Roebuck a copy of "The New Bath Guide," with a plate exhibiting himself in the act of being kioked out from that city.

Lord Palmerston has got the key of Bulkeley House, Englefield Green: the "Ring Dove" having, as the poor deluded Pal. lachrymosely expresses it, "cut her stick." A *murray*-in seize such faithless *she's*, say we.

Lord Glenelg has accepted, with the most sanctimonious gratification, a superb copy of the "Lives of the Saints," presented by the Society for the *Confusion* of Useful and Religious Knowledge.

Lady Holland received from her own dear Lord a new edition, with additions, of "The Art of Ingeniously Tormenting."

The *Times* the other day spoke about Lord Melbourne's openly declaring "that he had two consciences, a *public* one and a *private* one." Tom Duncombe observed, and we agree with Finsbury, "that he much questioned whether his Lordship had any conscience at all."

Spring Rice, the other night, in the course of his speech, said that the reputation of certain persons would be "preserved in spirits."

We read in the Irish papers of a Whitehaven vessel lately being lost on *Maw* Island, one of the *Copelands*, at the entrance of Belfast Logh. Hobler says, "No wonder; certain destruction awaits anything that ventures near *Copeland's Maw*. No matter whether it be a ship or a sheep."

"What could have made Nina Lassave so fond of Fieschi?" asked Mi-Ladi Morgan of Mi-Ladi Clark. "Troth thin (replied the elegant Milesian) wasn't he a *killin'* man; and she havin' but one eye, mightn't the vagabone have got the *blind* side of her?" "Are you quite sure (said Mi-Ladi M. thoughtfully) she had not some idea of his *infernal machine*?"

Kearsley says that if Hume was to swear white was black, and that Vigors was to swear black was white, he should, in order to save trouble, believe neither.

"Why did Fieschi prefer the guillotine?—Because he was *axed* to have it."—Mr. Alderman Scales presents this, his last and best, with his tremendous respects.

A fellow appeared at a police-office the other day who exhibited a voracious and ravenous propensity to devour *rats*. We hear that Mr. Charles Buller has offered his bill at three hundred months for £5 to any one who will produce the individual, in order that he (Mr. C. B.) may avoid him.

The old Catholic legend says, speaking of the actions of St. Patrick, that "he founded 364 churches, ordained 365 bishops aud 3000 priests, converted 12,000 persons, and baptized seven kings at once."—The legend leaves out the most remarkable fact; namely, that the Saint swam across the Liffey, after a bottle of whiskey, with his head in his month.

A Hint From Old Hickory.—We recommend the following extract from the President's last Official Message to Congress to the special attention of Lord Palmerston. Speaking of the desire of America to axcept the proffered mediation of England touching the disputed claims on France, Old Hickory sturdily but honestly remarks—"If we desire to avoid insult we must be able to repel it—if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are *at all times ready for war*." The Yankee gives salutary advice to the Whigs; will they act upon it?

The *Times* critic in describing Avril, a French gentleman who lately had the misfortune to be guillotined in Paris, calls him a "bull necked heavy-looking rascal." Mister Gully is of opinion, and we agree with him, that when some people describe other people they might be more polite.

The Lord Chamberlain's notice in the Gazette of Tuesday, refering to the Queen's Drawing Room of Thursday last, says, "No lady can present another unless she herself attends the Drawing Room." We coincide with the Solons of the Chamberlain's Office, but we cannot see the wisdom or necessity of the notice.

The *Journal de la Guienne* states that General Cordova, the Christino Commander, lately lost, at the game of *monte*, 100,000 francs to Geueral Evans. This proves that if Evans cannot play soldiers, he can play cards. It is the only thing he has *won*, however since he has been in Spain.

At a meeting of the Ashmolean Society, Oxford, on the 4th inst. Mr. Hussey read a paper on the growth of the common flea. Wise Ashmoleans! "Fleas are not lobsters' damn their souls," &c. as Peter Pindar says. How the world hum*bugged*! These be your scientific men!

A school mistress, of exemplary conduct and piety, lately died in Paris, where she had resided 22 years. After her death it was discovered she had fled from Berne, in Switzerland; previous to that period having committed the crime of infanticide.

Sporting Intelligence Extraordinary.—Tom Finsbury offers to bet any one in the United Kingdom any money, that nobody ever saw a Newfoundland dog following Rothschild—a black man driving a Brighton coach—or Sir Edward Codrington in top boots. He is to be found most evenings at Crockford's.

The mother of Mr. O'Connell's reputed illegitimate boy calls herself Ellen *Courtney*, and not Ellen Jewett, as some of the penny papers have it.

Mr. John Wilks is open to *shoot a cat* with any one in England for a dozen of champaigne. To come off in the lobbies of the house of commons. Serious tabbies barred from the match, Mr. W. heing a Dissenter who likes old maids having religous scruples and a *felin-e* heart. He may be heard of at Bellamy's.

N. A. Vigors can be backed to *throw the hatchet* with any man in the United Empire. If M. D. Hill means something beyond chaff, he will meet Vigors to make a match. His blunt is always ready at Rats' Castle, St. Giles.

Mr. C——, a keen sportsman, provoked by a cockney horseman, who had ridden over two of his hounds, could not forbear swearing at him for his awkwardness. "Sir," said the offender drawing up both himself and horse and assuming a very consequential look, "I beg to inform you that I did not come out here to be damned." "Why then sir, you may go home and be damned."

Campbell in his letters from Algiers, published in the London New Monthly, presents an Irishism that is quite new to us. He mentions an Irish actor who advertised that having lost considerably by his benefit, he was *thereby* induced to take another.

Ingenious Contrivance.—The Prussian soldiers, when they have to march a large number of deserters, meet the dilemma of the inequality of numbers by slitting the waistband of each man's breeches, and taking away his braces, which compels the fellow to hold up his small clothes, and effectually prevents him from making an attack or running away.

Translantic Kindness.— ————, the commedian, went to America, and remained there two years, leaving his wife dependant on her relatives. Mrs. F————tt expatiating in the green room, on the cruelty of such conduct, the comedian found a warm advocate in a well known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I well know he writes to his wife by every packet." "Yes he writes" replied Mrs. F., a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence; but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the author, "*unremiting* kindness."

Very Well for a Churchwarden.—At the recent Nomination of Guardians for the "Stroud Union," a Mr. Godfree was proposed to be one, and the description annexed to his name was *Gentleman*. To this designation he modestly objected, and begged it might be altered, as he was an *agent*. One of the Churchwardens of St. Clement Danes immediately said, that it appeared to him to be a distinction without a difference, as it was a very common thing to abbreviate the word *Gentleman*, and call him *A Gent*!

A Gentle Hint.—As a gentle hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visitor, to whom a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoilt brat. "Not at all, madam," was the reply; "I am always delighted to hear such children cry." "Indeed! why so?" "Because in all well-regulated families, they are immediately sent out of the room."

Infinitely quick and apt in expedients, was the manager of a country theatre who, when requested by a lady of rank in the neighborhood, to get up the play of Henry the VIIIth, regretted that the state of his company would not allow it, but added that they could very well manage to perform the two parts of Henry the IVth, which would come to exactly the same thing. Tin Trumpet.

Abernethy and Spirits.—The late Mr. Abernethy was once consulted by a gentleman whose habits had greatly impaired his digestive powers. After receiving the advice of the celebrated medical man we have named, the patient said, "But, Sir, what spirits will you recommend me to drink?" Mr. Abernethy in disgust replied, "Why, sir, you may take tincture of rhubarb, that is spirit; or you may take tincture of jalap, that is a spirit; and they have this advantage above other spirits, you may take them into your body yourself, but they will take *themselves* out of your body as fast as they can.

Tinder.—A thin rag—such, for instance, as the dresses of modern females, intended to catch the sparks, raise a flame, and light up a match.

Serjeant R—— having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dulness to day." "Inoculated, brother?" said Erskine, "I thought you had it in the natural way."

Epitaphs.—Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left.

"*Invaluable Life Preserver.*"—Under this title a child's caul is advertised in Tuesday's Courier to be sold for 5*l*. And this in the 19th century!

The reason Why.—A youth asked permission of his mother to go to a ball.—She told him it was a bad place for little boys: "why, mother, did'nt you and father use to go to balls when you were young?" "Yes; but we have seen the folly of it," said the mother. "Well, mother," said the son, "I want *to see the folly of it too*?"

Smoking in Turkey.—Every third window in a Turkish town is a pipe-shop, and they show, by their splendor and variety, the expensiveness of the passion. Some of them are marked 200 dollars. The streets reek with tobacco smoke.

There is at present in Jedburgh, a French water dog of uncommon sagacity, but it is not remarkable for its sagacity alone,—for instead of its skin being covered with hair, it has a fleece of wool, considered by the best judges to be equal to Merino. The proprietor, within the last two years, has made the fleece into a vest, a pair of trowsers, and two pair of gaiters. This wool is of a beautiful fawn colour. Scotsman.

The Criminal Judge of China.—It is reported that Wang, the new criminal Judge, strolls on foot about the streets of the city and suburbs, attended only by his lantern-bearer, when he visits the gambling-houses, brothels, and opium-smoking shops; these places are therefore shut up now at 9 o'clock. It is also said that he directs many of his servants to scatter themselves about, and "run up all manner of streets," and report accordingly. Asiatic Journal.

Speculation.—A word that sometimes begins with its second letter.

"Talking of storms," said Patty the other day, to a friend of ours, "at Pembroke, my dear sir, we had the heaviest I ever saw, considering the size of the town."

Extract from a letter from Paris in the London Age.

Another revolution is at hand, if not actually in progress.

In the new drama *Les Huguenots*, as I intimated to you some weeks since, the costume of the time is adhered to scrupulously. What think you has occurred? I passed into the garden of the Tuileries on Monday last, and was struck with the appearance of an *emeute*. All the ladies in particular [and they were in crowds] were moved to horror and indignation. You could see the open mouth of affright, the upcurled lip of scorn, contempt, envy, and jealousy, and the eye flashing with anger. A lady—yea, a person of condition—had appeared, and absolutely made a dozen turns in the great walk, in a black satin dress with——but I cannot assume courage to say it all at once—and yet I must; with—with—with *tight sleeves*!

"Did you ever see such a fright? What a guy!" said the Hon. Mrs. Dashwood. "What a wretch! What a fool! How brazen! How ugly! How unbecoming!"—and fifty other and similar exclamations burst from the fair *foule*, who one and all fled incontinently [pray take this in its proper sense] to order dresses precisely of the same kind.

New Species of Salmon—Great Longevity.—The fishermen of Duclaire, have found an unknown variety of salmon, three feet long, eighteen inches in circumference,—and in the stomach the hilt of a poignard, which appears to have been of very ancient date—belonging to one of William the Conqueror's soldiers, perhaps. Evening Star.

The robbers of Paris have recently made a heavy run on the shops of the watchmakers. They say, "Time is money." Ib.

A Veteran Duellist.—Marshal Moncey, (Duke of Cornegliano, from Napoleon,) who recently challenged Marshal Maison, is 87 years of age—not the less able, he says, to hold a pistol.

Anecdote.—No one who knew him but will remember how much gaiety mingled with Admiral Sir James Lake's kindness of heart. He loved a joke as if he kept company with his childhood all his life. One day a young Fitzroy came to dine with him, his table being as open as his heart. "We are engaged to Lord Rothwell's" said the Admiral, "but we will take you with us. I suppose you have a good appetite of your own." "Why, I play a tolerable knife and fork," replied the youth. "So much the better," returned Sir James, "for Lord Rothwell is an odd man, and insists on every dish at his table being eaten—and if any one passes them by, he at once challenges the delinquent" The midshipman had no fears, he was hungry enough for anything. The hall where they dined was formidable looking, being hung round with armour, battle axes, guns and pistols. But it was not till the third course that our hero felt any misgivings about these warlike preparations. He was seated next Lord Rothwell, and his neighbourhood aggravated the evil of his decreasing appetite. Every mouthful grew slower and more reluctant; at length he screwed his courage to a desperate resolution. "My Lord," said he, "I can eat no more, so I am ready to fight you." "Fight me," exclaimed the host. "Yes—if I must die—I would rather it should be by a bullet—it is downright ungrateful to die of one's dinner—so I am ready to fight you." Sir James, however, now explained, that the [illegible] originated in his fearing that the young sailor's modesty might stand in the way of his appetite. But his expression quite passed into a proverb, "that it was downright ungrateful to die of a good dinner."

SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S EULOGIUM ON THE UNITED STATES.

The following speech was delivered, at a meeting held in London, on Saturday week, to raise a subscription towards relieving the sufferers by the fire at New York:—"Mr. Sheridan Knowles seconded this resolution, and with all his heart and soul subscribed to the sentiments he had just heard. Nature, the great magician of one's feelings, arose to him. The majority of the inhabitants of America were the sons of these lands; they possessed the same feelings, were actuated by the same industry, the same chivalry animated them, and the laws which ruled them were fundamentally the same. (Cheers.) They ought not, they could not bear towards each other any but the kindliest feelings. (Cheers.) He had been in America. He had resided there but nine months, a short period, certainly, and he had visited in that time but a few of their cities, but he saw enough to make him smile at those who laughed at the Americans because they wanted court manners, M'Adamized roads, and London built stage coaches—(great laughter and cheering,) instead of being refreshed with the healthy plainness of a people who were guided in their habits and institutions by the principle of utility—(hear, hear!) a people who attached no value to outward ostentation or pompous titles, but who rose to eminence by the simple discharge of their duties, and obtained the stations of General, Admiral, or President of their nation, all of them, the poor as well as the rich, by the simple title of citizen. That which struck him most during his sojourn in America was the total absence of pretension. He had sat at the table of their venerable President. It was the highest honor he ever enjoyed. He had said so in America, and he said so more emphatically here—(Cheers.) He had sat with that uncompromising and gallant Chief of a brave nation with as much ease as at any private gentleman's table. The venerable President was utterly regardless of the pride and forms of extrinsic ceremony; nor was his dignity impaired by his personal condescension. No, his intrinsic worth only exhibited itself the more it was unguarded—(Hear, hear!) With respect to the national manners of America, he (Mr. S. Knowles) should say, that a more courteous, kindly, or liberal people he never was among—(Cheers) He did not quarrel with them as some writers did, for eating their dinners in a gallop—(Laughter.) That might, perhaps, be the case at a *table d'hote*, where they ate dinners of business. But they had their private houses where they could entertain, and where they could linger over their meals quite as lovingly as we do—(Laughter and cheers) They had been blamed for being inquisitive of strangers on the subject of America, and accused of continually asking, "How d'ye like our country?" He saw no harm in such a national feeling, and he thought it impossible to avoid asking such questions, when he reflected on the majestic scenery which every where met the eye. He had glided along their canals and crossed their magnificent lakes—he had mounted their glorious Alleghanies and sailed down the North River, the broad banks of which presented the finest Alpine country he had ever seen, and which it would take the life of an artist to delienate. He had traversed their railroads, the shortest of which laughed at the longest of ours—he had seen these things, and every where witnessed the same onward rush to improvement. How could he, then, have mingled with the millions descended with himself from a common country moved by the same feelings, glorying in the same privilege of liberty, and speaking one vernacular language, and that the language of Shakspeare—(cheers)—how could he, so identified with such a people, bring himself to ridicule the pride of those who claimed property in what he described?—(Loud Cheering.) A greater enemy to this country there could not be than the man who would create enmity and disunion between the two countries by detracting from the American character. The Americans generally desired that the connexion should be cemented; and why should it not be so? Our friends, our sons visited the Americans, were hospitably received, and made fortunes by them. It was gratifying that this feeling should exist, and it should be the honor and pride of the old country to meet that feeling more than half way.—(loud cheering.)

How to Cheat the Doctor.—Some years since, a physician was called to a young woman very sick. After a careful examination, he left two kinds of powder to be given her alternately. One of the powders contained opium, and when administered produced quiet to the patient. The next powder was somewhat naeusating, and the patient was less quiet under its operation. A convention of the women in the neighborhood was held, and addressed by one of their number in this wise: You see just how it is—the doctor must have a living, and must get it by his trade—one kind of powder makes her better, the other makes her worse. If he only gave her the bad kind, he would soon kill her—and the good alone would soon cure her—so that in either case, he would have but a small bill—that is why he gives two kinds. Now let us act according to common sense, in disregard of the doctor's orders, whose interest it is to keep her along—let us give her only the good powders. This proposition was well received, and after an amendment at the suggestion of another, who proposed giving two of the good powders at a time, was adopted. The patient was easy and slept quietly under the operation,—but she never awoke. Bangor Advertiser.

A Call on the Dead,—The following notice was published by the Claremont, N. H. Selectmen: "Notice is hereby given that the dead now in the tombs, will be removed to their graves on Sunday, the 17th day of the present month, at eight of the clock in the morning. *Punctual attendance is requested.*"

Original Miscellanies.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The exhibition at Clinton Hall is highly creditable to our artists. There are many good, and several admirable pictures in the gallery. Those by *Mount* are entitled to especial notice *Weir* has a fine view of the Hudson highlands which has been admirably engraved by *Smillie*. *Mr. Morse* has done well, but *Page* has done better. This last named artist has two or three glowing and gorgeous compositions. *Durand* has the inside view of a southern farm-house, and a scene from Knickerbocker that do him honour. *Inman* has a noble portrait of Col. Morris. This is decidedly the best head we ever saw by this admirable artist. It is the man himself. While we were looking at it we could almost imagine that the Colonel would leave the frame—step out of the canvass and speak to us in his usual pleasant, and familiar way. Every body would know it that ever saw the Colonel's *name in a newspaper*. *Ingham* has not increased his reputation by his portraits this season. *Chapman* has several cabinet pictures of unquestionable merit. Altogether the exhibition is creditable, and highly so, as we have before said, to the Academy of Design and to the artists of New York. We shall recur to the exhibition at an early day.

THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.

FOR THE N. Y. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Our Theatres have been better patronised this season than they have for many years. The principal attraction, at the Tremont for the last fortnight, has been the extraordinary performances of Mrs. Lewis of some of the most arduous of Shakspeares' male characters. At that lady's benefit, she was advertised to play the part of *Richard*, and although it is now the " fag end" of the season, the house was very well filled. The people who had been accustomed to see Mrs. Lewis, in the quiet, unassuming walks of her profession, felt deeply excited by the novelty, and made up their minds to be disappointed ; but her first step, and look as she appeared as the " crook'd back tyrant" suddenly changed the current of their thoughts. Her figure is commanding ;—and she has a brilliant eye, and expressive face. Her declamation was full of power and energy ; the opening soliloquy was well delivered, and indeed throughout the piece, her "points" indicated a nice conception, and correct judgment. The " wooing scene" with Lady Anne was admirably well done, and the " tent scene," likewise. " Give me a horse—bind up my wounds," elicited, loud and continued plaudits. The final scene in which it was anticipated her powers would fail, was also very effective, and the fight with Richmond was admirably done. On the following Monday, Mrs. Lewis repeated the character, and appeared in all the bright effulgency of a " star"—the second performance was a decided improvement,—her address being free from the embarrassments consequent upon a first appearance.

She has appeared twice as *Othello*, and last Friday night as *Shylock*, with equal success. She looked the jealous Moor excellently,—this character does not call so fully into requisition the physical as the mental faculties : we discovered much to praise in the portrait represented—genius and the power of thought were alike perceptible.

Mrs. Lewis appears before the season closes, as *Wm. Tell*, a part which is aid to be her *chef d' ouvre*. On the whole she has physical powers sufficient to give effect to any part in the Drama, and the only fault we find is, sometimes a too sudden inflection of voice in closing a sentence, which has a tendency to mar the beauty. After the close of the Merchant of Venice last Friday night the audience were again " agreeably surprised" on seeing Mrs. Lewis' figure in the " mazy dance"—she dances in the style of Celeste, and would lose but little in comparison with that *figurante*.

Apropos of dancing. Boston has been highly favored with dancing sylphs this season—and in that hot bed of jealousy, the Theatre, these artists have had much to stimulate them—a little competition sometimes is servicable. Miss McBride, has long been a favorite at the Tremont, and Miss Kerr, who is a recruit in the company is fast gaining admirers. And Miss Johnson has done wonders at the Lion. Of the Lion, it is in good hands and the public have not failed the past season to express their approbation of the manner in which it is conducted. The *Warren* closes next Friday, when it will for a short season go under the hands of the carpenters and painters. It is to be enlarged in length, and n height by the addition of another row of boxes,—and Mr. Pelby intends to maintain a strong opposition to the rival establishments next season.

The starring system has been carried on in this city for the last two years to an extent altogether unprecedented in our Theatrical annals, and has been very injurious in its operation upon the excellent stock actors, who are made to subserve the whims and oddities of these evanescent luminaries. The effect has been to make stock benefits bills of expense. Some of our best actors have played to a beggarly account of empty boxes ?—some of the best sterling comedies have been produced and ably performed, but not having the aid of exotics have not met with the sunshine of public favor. " Old Johnson's" cause was taken into especial consideration last week, by the Theatre goers—a committee was formed and by great exertions, and a very attractive bill, a tolerable good house was obtained.

Mr. Barry has advertised for actors and actresses in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, which as Paul Pry would say, looks " very mysterious" considering that the stock company at the Tremont, is now equal in every department, to any in the Union. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gilbert, two deservedly popular actors leave the Tremont at the closing of the season, and we yesterday learnt that Mr. Wm. H. Smith, and his accomplished lady, who have so long been acknowledged favorites here, also bid farewell at the same time. This will create a great vacancy in the establishment, and one that will not easily be supplied. Mr. Smith in his line stands in the front ranks of his profession, and in private life both his lady and himself are universally esteemed. They will not leave the Tremont, without taking with them a solid token of the estimation in which they are held by their Boston friends. Yours, W. E.

ORIGINAL SCRAPS.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

A much injured Man.—George Talkington, once a celebrated horse-dealer at Uttoxeter, who died on the 30th April, 1826, at Cheadle, Cheshire, in his eighty-third year, met with more accidents than probably befel any other human being. Up to the year 1793 they were as follows : Right shoulder broken ; skull fractured and trepanned ; left arm broken in two places ; three ribs on the left side broken, a cut on the forehead ; lancet case, flue case, and knife forced into the thigh ; three ribs broken on the right side ; and the right shoulder, elbow, and wrist dislocated ; back seriously injured ; cap of the right knee kicked off ; left ancle dislocated ; cut for a fistula ; right ancle dislocated, and hip knocked down ; seven ribs broken on the right and left sides ; kicked in the face, and the left eye nearly punched out ; the back again seriously injured ; two ribs and breast bone broken ; got down and kicked by a horse, until he had 5 holes in his left leg ; the sinew just below the right knee cut through, and two holes in that leg, also two shocking cuts above the knee ; taken apparently dead seven times out of different rivers.

Since 1793 (when a reference to these accidents was given to Mr. Madely, surgeon of Uttoxeter) right shoulder dislocated and collar bone broken ; seven ribs broken ; breast bone laid open ; and right shouler dislocated, and left arm broken ; two ribs broken ; and right thigh much bruised near the pope's eye.

In 1819, then in his seventy sixth year, a lacerated wound in the calf of the leg, which extended to the foot, mortification of the wound took place, which exposed the flexior tendons of the foot, also the capsular ligaments of the ancle joint ; became delirious, and so continued upwards of three weeks ; his wonderful recovery from this accident was attributed chiefly to the circumstances of a friend having supplied him with a quantity of old *Madeira*, a glass of which he took every two hours for eight weeks, and afterwards occasionally. Since then in 1823, in his eightieth year, he had a mortification of the second toe of the right foot, with exfoliation of the bone, from which he recovered, and at last died from gradually declining old age. He was the father of eighteen children, by one wife in fifteen years, all of whom he survived, and married again at the age of seventy-four.

Isabella Colour.—The arch-duke Albert married the Infante Isabella, daughter of Philip 2d, King of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry. In the year 1602, he laid siege to Ostend, then in the possession of heretics, and his pious princess, who attended him in that expeditirn, made a vow that till the city was taken, she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, it was three years before the city was reduced ; in which time her highness's linen had acquired a hue, which from the superstition of the princess and times was much admired, and was adopted by the court fashionables, under the name of the " Isabella colour :" it is a whitish yellow or soiled buff better imagined than described.

Kitty White's Parenthesis.—Kitty White, a pupil to Old Rich, the comedian, was instructed by O'Brien, of Drury-lane, how to perform *Sylvia*, in "The Recruiting Officer." The lady reciting a passage improperly, he told her it was *parenthesis*, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and greater volubility. "A *parenthesis* ?" said Miss White, "what's that ?" Her mother, who was present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed, " Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress wili you make ! not to know the meaniug of '*prentice*,' and that it is the plural number of '*prentices !*' "

Happy Union.—Quin used to say, that of all the bands of marriage he ever heard, none gave him such pleasure as the union of delicate *Ann Chovy* with good *John Dory*. This sentiment was worthy of such a disciple of Apicius.

THE MAILS AGAIN.

We have lost two or three subscribers within the week past, owing to the irregularity of the mails. One writes us from Habersham Co., Georgia, as follows :

Dear Sir,—In consequence of the retardation of the mail from your city to this office, I beg of you to discontinue the paper you send to me. I do do not receive it oftener than once in four or five weeks, which is the only cause of my discontinuing it for I am much pleased with the paper. You will therefore make out your account for the time I have received it and I will send you the money immediately. Yours with respect.

But what is the use of remonstrating ? It is " casting pearls before" *whole hogs !* Even a few of our Philadelphia subscribers complain, when each paper of the large number sent to that city is packed together in one large bundle. The Wabash (Indiana) Courier gives the following *expose* of post office management in that quarter.

A Good Joke.—Some Gentlemen in the neighborhood of Latta's or Black Creek [we forget which,] were lately coon hunting, when lo and behold ! their dogs, instead of finding a coon, pointed their master to an immence load of newspapers and letters in a hole under the bridge ! On making enquiry about the matter, it was discovered that the boy who carried the mail between Vincennes and Spence, in order to *relieve* his horse, was in the habit of cutting a hole in the bottom of the male bag, and depositing beneath the aforesaid bridge so much of its contents as he deemed necessary to lighten the burden of his horse ! These fortunate sportsmen, discovering among the letters one addressed to a neighbor, delivered it to him, *postage free*, there being no deputy to receive the amount due the Post Office Department. As, notwithstanding this developement, the same individual continues to carry the mail between these points, we presume this subterranean office will be continued. If so, we hope Mr. Kendall will appoint some troglodyte deputy to attend to its bussness, and secure the revenue accruing therefrom.

A "VERY MYSTERIOUS" OPERA!

It will have been observed by evening promenaders in Broadway that for a week past a crowd of people have been assembled in front of the house No. 208 Broadway, which report says is *haunted !* A " very mysterious" young gentleman, a great admirer of the marvellous and of English Opera has made himself rather conspicuous both at the Park and the haunted house lately, and it is more than suspected that he is engaged in the production of a grand, romantic, Anne Radcliffe-ish sort of tragical opera. At any rate the following " scenes from an unpublished opera," were found the other night in the saloon of the Park Theatre, which the mysterious gentleman had just left, after enjoying a brilliant scene in *La Sonnambula*, and an especial treat of—gin and water.—*Editor*.

'Tis now the noon of night—the streets resound
With dismal music of the midnight carts,
In *thorough basso* to the dulcet sounds
Of squeaking catgut, whose harmonious notes
Unite in pleasing melody ;—and there's heard,
Tuned to the solemn concert, a gruff voice,
Reaching o'er the house tops, and behold !
From out an attic window, bending forth,
Peers the grim semblance of a skeleton
Of frightful aspect, and it moves itself,
And shows a countenance of wither'd flesh.
The profile of the former man is seen,
A nose of Roman mould, an arched brow,
Projecting chin and eyes of grisly grey,
The cheek bones high, and jaws of lantern shape,
Complexion saturnine, expression sour,
Give faint ideas of the appalling sight ;
Anon a ghastly smile its eyeballs glare,
With restless agitation it is seiz'd,
Across the street it looks with vacant stare,
Which seems directed to a light, which beams
From out a lady's chamber, for a maid
Of heavenly loveliness now shows herself ;
When suddenly a simultaneous sound,
Like to the squeaking of a mighty pig,
With rumbling echo far and wide is heard.
The ghost is seen with fiddle in his hand,
Across the instrument he draws his bow,
And sounds the oft told notes of *thorough bass* ;
Illustrates by the noise of ev'ry scrape,
The mystic principles he lectures on,
For Paganini, his great archetype,
Not better knows of music's mysteries ;
In tuneful clamor to his am'rous notes,
He, smiling on his love, begins the song :

" O Judy, sweet Judy, my dearest believe me,
" One sign of thy love, yea ! one smile will relieve me,
" I love thee, dear Judy, as I have lov'd never,
" United to thee, love, no fortune shall sever
" Our mutual affection, but one and forever,
" We'll stick to each other, in fair and rough weather,
" 'Till death cut the chord, that fast ti'd us together.

" O Judy, sweet Judy, I languish enduring,
" The scorn of my love, charms sweetly alluring,
" Have to a mere shadow my body reduced ;
" My beauty is gone, my mind is confused,
" Confess, dearest Judy, that I am misused,
" Bob Logic, Jack Pudding, and pitiful goosehead
" All for thee I am call'd, O that I were loosed,"—

" Zounds," cries the watch, " what mean you by your noise,
Is neighboring quiet thus to be disturb'd ?
Shall crack-brain'd"—here the watchman ceas'd to speak
And started suddenly, as on him turn'd
The midnight fiddler, his pale countenance.
Aghast he stood, with fixed eyes upon
The pallid spectre, who did seem to have
The magic power of a cockatrice ;
The ghost look'd terror, and upon the watch,
' Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile' and said,
" Consummate impudence !" he then took breath,
For anger had chok'd up the source of speech,
And stopped his utterance ; he breathed again,
And words flowed out, like honey from his mouth.

" What mean you, sirrah, by your insolence ?
" Dress'd in a little brief authority
" Dare you address me thus ? I'll let you know,
" That I am one, unus'd to such contempt,
" Both thought by all, and know myself to be,
" Deep vers'd in knowledge of the finer arts ;
" In law and physic, metaphysics too
" *Absorb* the powers of my *abstract* soul ;
" The learned languages I fully know,
" And French I speak with easy elegance,
" *Scene painting*, finest of the arts, which needs
" A cultivated and superior taste,
" I have a *theoretic* knowledge of—
" Can discern beauties, where the untaught mind,
" Would gaze with mute indifference. I know
" The laws which govern matter,—understand
" The principles of architecture, but
" In music's mysteries, I soar aloft ;
" And in the pride of my enraptured soul,
" Can feel myself exalted, when I touch
" The strings of my melodious instrument.
" Contemptuous scoffer ! If 'twas this that woke
" Thy dormant energies, and call'd thee here,
" I'd own the magic power, yet resent
" The boisterous interruption ; know you too
" That I am one above the common herd,
" And move in higher circles—all the *ton*
" Are *very intimate and special friends*
" Of mine ; I scorn your insolence, and feel
" The indignation burning in my veins,
" At being thus debas'd in answering you.
" My words are two edg'd *swords*—fear these, and know,
" That honor brooks no insult from the vile."

The watchman yawn'd, and now relieved, his way
Directed tow'rds the window, from which shone
The light which told the lover of his love ;
He stood and listen'd to the sweetest sounds,
By which e'er love was answer'd—here's the song :—

" Silly lover, cease your warbling,
" Cease your noisy, fruitless squalling,
Always bawling,
On me calling,
" Telling of your love to me.

" For your love I see no reason,
" Altogether out of season,
All your chatter
'Bout a matter,
" Favour'd not the least by me.

" Shut your window, go to bed, sir,
" Nought of love by me was said sir,
You must leave me
For believe me,
" Sated I've become of thee."

Down went the sash, the light no more was seen,
The watchman paced the dark and dismal street,
His echoing footsteps but more plainly told,
The silent stillness of the solemn hour ;
And all is wrapp'd in darkness, when is heard
The doleful moanings of rejected love.

" Still 'though sleep is o'er me stealing,
" Spite of darkness, love revealing,
" Sweetest Judy, with the feeling,
" False one, that I love the still—
" Love thee, false one, love thee still.

" All my thoughts to thee inclining,
" For my Judy's love repining,
" Though her lover still reviling,
" False one, yet I love thee still,—
" Love thee, false one, love thee still.

" Out of sight, and out of hearing,
" Still beloved and endearing,
" Unrequited love though fearing,
" False one, will I love thee still,—
" Love thee, false one, love thee still."

The last words di'd away, just as begun,
The ling'ring watch to sing the final song.
He turned towards the window, from which peer'd,
The crazed lover, looking wofully,
And heaving long drawn sighs, enough
To waken sympathetic feelings in the soul
Of all, save her who sported with his love ;
He hears the sounds, his philosophic ear
Drinks in, to him what's discord, listening :—

" In yonder house reclining,
" That lean and slender form behold,
" Fast his hands his fiddle hold,
" 'Tis shabby, crack'd and old.
" Tow'rds me his looks inclining,
" His sandy locks hang o'er his brow,
" He seems jealous of me now
" To love he dont know how !
" Although my song he's hearing,
" Crying out, 'though fearing
" The devil, O ! The devil, O !
" Crying out, though fearing
" The devil, O ! The devil, O !"

But where's the fiddler ? lo ! his window's closed,
He's vanish'd sudd'nly and no longer seen ;
And was it then an immaterial form,
Or substance of the animated man ?
He seem'd to move, he spoke, his voice was heard,
All speculation ceased, when on the morn
An august visage, and a stately form,
In serene dignity was seen to move,
With slow and haughty footstep through Broadway,
It was the fiddler ! Ostentation sat
Upon his brow—his eyes look'd *vacancy*,
Brimful of pride, and solemn mockery
At the mean ignorance of the passing crowd ;
A much heroic visage, wither'd form,
A supercilious frown, and pompous gait,
Reminded one of fam'd La Mancha's Knight :
* * * * * *

Here the manuscript was so defaced as to render it illegible.

I look'd, and he was gone.

EUTERPE.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

More theatres ! It is a close run now between rail roads and play-houses ; we think the latter will win. The following are already in existence :—

1. The King's Theatre.	8. Astley's.	15. Strand
2. Drury-Lane.	9. Vauxhall.	16. Windmill street.
3. Covent-Garden.	10. Adelphi.	17. Sans Souci.
4. Haymarket.	11. Olympic.	18. The Queen's.
5. English Opera.	12. St. James's.	19. The Kensington.
6. Surrey.	13. Pavilion.	20. Sadler's Wells.
7. Victoria.	14. Garrick.	21. City Theatre.

22. Tooley street. 23. Westminster—Pimilco.
24. The Standard, (Norton Folgate.)

Exclusive of a bevy of sixpenny, three-penny, and penny establishments, branching out from all the streets wherein the larger ones exist. Then Miss Kelly is to have a license for one she has built back of her lodgings in Dean street ; and a license is to be granted forthwith for one in Portman Market, now erecting by subscription, emanating from the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange. There will be one in Pall Mall, one in Regent street, one in Picadilly (where the Egyptian Hall stands,) one in Bond street, two in Oxford street, one in Holborn (N. B. there are several in Smithfield, already, periodically,) one in Cheapside, and one in Leadenhall street By these means the principle thoroughfares of the metropolis will be supplied with places of entertainment—one to so many inhabitants, as Bulwer, the Draco of the day, proposed some two years since. It was in contemplation at one time to erect an additional one in George street, Westminster, but it was thought that no chance of success presented itself, owing to the two open in Palace-yard already, which monopolise all the talent of the day, and supply more fun to the public at large than every other theatre in the metropolis put together ; and there could be no chance of drafting off Hume, Roebuck, the O'Connells, Gully, the Bulwers, Wakeley, Buckingham, and other beauties, unless salaries were offered them fully as high as that of the Cock Salmon, and the gentleman whom the *Observer* calls *Shylock*, and the rest of the world, Macready, to say nothing of the other precious old commodity, Mr. Charles Kemble. Taken therefore altogether, there is every prospect of the good people finding amusement enough ; and it can matter little what becomes of their country and its institutions, large or small, as long as they can but have fun for their money ; and intimating the classic example of antiquity, have the privilege of fiddling while Rome is on fire. Age.

Keeley goes to Liverpool, from London, from whence he sails in July, with his wife, for "the Land of Promise," America. Mrs. Wood, and others now there, being expected home by that time.

The Prisoners at Ham.—We are always disposed to give, as the saying is, the devil his due ; and therefore allude with unaffected compliment to Tom Duncombe, for his zealous endeavours to arouse a spirit of pity in favor of the unfortunate ex-Ministers of Charles X. in the breasts of our present Government. This feeling comes with very good grace from one of the English movement party ; but with all his political faultts, we have always found Tom Dunscombe possessed of more chivalrous and true British feeling than is in the carcases of the whole gang he so unwisely, as we think, has allied himself to. *Au reste* we trust that the sufferings of these unfortunates will be speedily terminated. Heaven knows, they have long since expiated their crimes ; for criminals they were. Let mercy now put in her heavenly claim.

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, April 6, 1836.

My dear sir.—During the recess we are as dull as a man after an extra vinous allowance, when he has slept off the excitement, and retains a headache. There is no levee this week—*urgal*, the King remains at Windsor.

Malibran has become "the lawfully begotten" wife of Signor de Beriot. Until now, she lived with him in the "free and easy" line. The wedding took place at Paris, and the Parisians say, as I do, "It should have taken place earlier." 'Tis well it eventuated in marriage at all!

All the theatres, except the Haymarket, re-opened on Easter Monday. Drury Lane has no novelty. *The Jewess*, the last act of *Gustavus*, and *Chevy Chase*, formed the whole performance. As Ellen Tree is at Manchester, Mrs. Sloman was cast for the part of *Rachel*, in the Jewess. She was "most tolerable and not to be endured." Siddear took Warde's part of the *Cardinal*. Bunn's excuse for the absence of any Easter novelty is *original*:—"because of the rehearsals for the new opera in which Madame Malibran is to open." The said Malibran being in Paris, and of course, out of the way of such rehearsals!—Drury Lane has been indifferently attended during the week. This is enough to make *A. Bunn*, more than a little *crusty*.

At Covent Garden a quaintly named piece (Zazezizozu!) was brought out. It is borrowed from one of the French minor theatres, and I am told the odd name filled the house the first night with gaping Parisians, who could not make out what the deuce was meant by *Zazezizozu*. You will perceive that it is only the putting the last letter of the alphabet before each of the vowels. The plot is *conveyed* from one of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Zazezizozu, an Eastern ruler has three sons, *Zizi, Zozo, Zuzu*, who, he fears, may wish to depose him. He has an awful dream of a party, which *Cododad*, king of the necromancers interprets:—namely, that unless, within twelve months, none of the princes are wedded, *Zazezizozu* will assuredly "trip the balance" and "kick the bucket." It happens that the three princes have Malthusian and Harriet Martineau-ish notions, but Cododad gives them a philter which makes them as anxious for wives as maidens of "sweet seventeen" are for husbands. The princes, unluckily, have but one lady to get married to, and the mischief is that all of them long for her. They are sent off on their travels, and he who brings home the richest treasure is to have the lady. The first tableaux terminates in the departure of the princes: *Zizi*, (Miss Romer) goes to take a tour over the earth, in a steam car: *Zozo*. (Miss Turpin) takes a steamboat to circumnavigate the globe: *Zuzu*, (Miss Murray) sails through the regions of upper air, in a balloon. The three next *tableaux* shews the adventures of the princes.

Zizi goes to the country of the Dominoes—plays a game with *Dominica*, for a magic telescope, by which one *can* see through a mile stone—finds that his opponent (Queen of the country) changes all whom she beats into dominoes, plays the game with the men-dominoes, wins the game, pockets the telescope, and sees his fair but wicked opponent lugged off "down below," by old Nick. Nothing can be more laughable or better managed than the manner in which the game is played with the living dominoes.

Zozo sails off to the Isle of Chess where, also with living men, a game is being played between rival potentates for a certain black fish, which has the power of removing itself, and all on its back, wherever its owner may choose. The prince is appointed umpire, mounts the fish's back, and goes homeward, not *over*-honestly.

Zuzu, in his balloon, goes to the Kingdom of Cards. The curtain rises on a whole pack of cards—*minus* the four queens, who are kept "in durance vile" by an ugly demon. A tower of cards is the place of their imprisonment. *Zuzu* fights the demon, beats him, releases the Queens, gets a "chaste salute" from each, and a rose, whose smell removes all illness, and makes all things and all people, "pleasant and comfortable." At Paris, a game of whist was played by the living cards!

The princes meet—find by the telescope, that the princess *Zaza*, (Miss Pincott) is dying, move off to her bedside, by means of the fish, and cure her by the odor of the rose. *Zaza*, as in duty bound, marries *Zuzu*, "what owns the rose," and "if they did not live happy, why you and I may!"

This piece is one of the finest illustrations of dramatic mechanism ever exhibited. There are many songs, which the princes give: the music is taken from Neber, Bishop, Auber, Rossini and Balfe. This piece fills Covent Garden, night after night.

At the English Opera House, on Monday night (open on the speculation of the actors) a beautiful drama was produced, called *Lucille, or the story of the Heart*, founded on a touching tale in Bulwer's "Pilgrims of the Rhine." Mrs. Keeley was *Lucille*, the heroine. Serle, the actor-author was the hero. Two new songs by Lover were introduced, and sung by Miss P. Horton, as a *paisante*. A new comic piece called *A day well spent*, was the last piece. It pleased the audience. *This* speculation will answer, I think. *Lucille* is quite as effective as *Victorine*, and the story far more probable.

Bunn announces his benefit at Drury Lane, for April 18. His situation at court has one peculiar advantage—it protects him from personal arrest, for debt. He gave £1500 to Lord Foley for this situation—one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's court. He is a smart man in more ways than one. He cannot lose any thing by theatricals—*because he has not got any thing to lose*. Not a sixpence laid out for that theatre belongs to him. He managed the theatre at Birmingham, ten years' since, and maintained a paper-war with an opponent of theatricals, the Rev. J. Angel James. Bunn told this gentleman, "you may be an Angel, James, but 'tis a fallen one."

Morris Barnet had a bumper benefit, at Braham's Theatre, on Easter Monday. *Monsieur Jaques* was of course, one of the pieces. An alarm of "fire" was given during the performance of the second piece (*Perfection*) but the manager explained that it was a false alarm, on which the audience, who had seemed inclined to *bolt*, kept their seats.

T. P. Cooke is at the Surrey, in a new sea-piece, *The Ocean of Life*, written by Haynes. It is a domestic drama, of thrilling interest, but I shall see it, and give my own report upon its merits. Cooke was an officer in the British Navy. He is the best sailor on the stage.

Osbaldestone has taken Sadler's Wells Theatre, and has quite a new company, new pieces, new scenery, new dresses, and every thing new. *Paul Clifford* was the first piece on Monday night, followed by *Harlequin Guy Fawkes*; both pieces are from Covent Garden; the second was the Christmas pantomine there. Edwin's *Paul Clifford* was spoken well of. Mademoiselle Rosier, once a neat dancer, is at this theatre.

Ducrow has made a hit, decidedly, at Astley's with a new three act piece, called *The Fire of London and the Plague of* 1665. All his fine and beautiful stud are in this piece. The scenery (some of it) is admirable. I saw the piece last night, and made as much noise as any one in applauding the view of old St. Paul's on fire.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, March 31, 1836.

Betting at Tattersall's on Wednesday April 5:—

DERBY BETTING.

At the rooms in the morning 7 to 1 was betted against Brother to Nell Gwynne and 11 to 1 against his winning this and the Riddlesworth; 25 to 1 was taken about the Babel colt for the same events, and 45 to 1 for the Derby, for which stake he was backed to a considerable amount. In the evening the odds were—

9 to 2	agst	Brother to Nell Gwynne (taken)
7 to 1	—	The Mummy (offered)
12 to 1	—	Gladiator and Maria (taken)
12 to 1	—	Mr. Chifney's two (offered)
20 to 1	—	Sepoy (taken)
40 to 1	—	Alfred (taken)

OAKS.

7 to 1 agst Grenada (taken)

TWO THOUSAND GUINEA STAKES, [next meeting] P. P.

Even between Ellis and Brother to Nell Gwynne.

Betting at Newmarket after Wednesday, (April 6,) races.

DERBY

4 to 1	agst	Lord Jersey's Bro. to Nell Gwynne (taken)
9 to 1	—	Mr. E. Peel's The Mummy (take 16 to 1)
17 to 1	—	Mr. Ridsdale's Bamfylde (take 17 to 1)
20 to 1	—	Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabel (offered)
20 to 1	—	Duke of Richmond's Sepoy (take 25 to 1)
25 to 1	—	Lord Exeter's Muezzin (taken)
25 to 1	—	Mr. Batson's Taishteer (taken)
25 to 1	—	Mr. Allen's Master of the Rolls (take 30 to 1)
25 to 1	—	Mr. Tilburne's Gladiator (take 30 to 1)
25 to 1	—	Mr. Ridsdale's Neva colt (take 30 to 1)
40 to 1	—	Mr. Osbaldeston's colt out of Peter Pindar's dam (taken)

OAKS.

8 to 1 agst Eminch and Destiny (taken.)

It is remarked as a curious fact, that Cheltenham races have never flourished so much as within the last four years, during which time *an anti-sporting parson has preached against them!!*

The Jockey Club have had a special meeting, at which they carried the resolution that No. 33 of the rules relative to horse racing should be abolished, and that the following be substituted:—"Where horses run a dead heat for a sweepstakes or plate, and the parties agree to divide the stakes, such horses shall be liable to carry extra weight as winners: and all bets between such horses, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money betted being put together and divided between the parties, in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided. If a bet be made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat against a horse that was beaten in the race, he who backed the horse that ran the dead heat wins half his bet. If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void." It was also resolved, that in the second clause of the 44th rule of the Jockey Club, the words "including the 2lb allowed" be omitted.

Baron Rothschild, the millionaire, has given a magnificent gold cup to be run for at the next Chantilley races, April 23.

In France, steeple races have, at length, been introduced. The first of any consequence came off this day fortnight, at the Croix de Berney. The race was between Baron Paul Sannegon's b. h. *Cleveland*, and Cornelissen's *Mazeppa*. The latter was rode badly, and threw his rider. Cleveland leaped a high fence and tumbled, with his jockey, into a pond. He won, however, and Mazeppa's owner declined to take advantage of the fact that Cleveland's rider was helped out of the water by the by-standers, and paid the stakes. The weather was awfully bad.

The Corporation of Doncaster, fully aware that, but for the races, their town would be deserted, have this year added £400 to the stakes, for the ensuing races. This is a liberal as well as a wise policy. Doncaster course is one of the finest in England. It is carefully drained and rolled twice a year.

Swift and Lane, Jones and Freeland, Cousens and Luke Rogers are making up matches on the P. R. 'T wont do, because the public are up to the tricks of the boxers.

Jim Ward, who claims the championship, and has, for some time, been a peaceable resident in Liverpool, has taken the Star Inn, and means to *cut* boxing. The Star is a respectable house, and (how he got it is a wonder) Ward has paid £500 to the late landlord for his interest and the fixtures.

The grand contest a wrestling, between the men of Westmoreland and Cumberland, always takes place near London on Good Friday. Despite the wet weather, the contest (light weights) came of as usual, and twenty-two joined in it. A Whitehaven man (Harvey) won the first prize, a silver tankard, value 14 pounds. The best wrestling, however, between the heavy weights, is deferred until Whit Tuesday. The north country wrestlers play fair; those from Cornwall wear heavy shoes, shod with iron, and kick each other in the shins. Some times, these kicks hurt a man's leg! 'Tis as bad as gouging.

Madame Vestris is here, with the *pick* of her Olympic Company. Hooper, Charles Matthews (who is already a great favorite,) Mrs. Anderson, little Keely (who, with his *sposa*, is going to America,) F. Matthews, James Vining, *cum multis aliis*. They remain for a month.

Vandenhoff's daughter is coming out at Drury-Lane.

Ellen Tree and Charles Kemble are at Manchester.

On Tuesday night a Mr. Dale, from Edinburgh, appeared at Covent Garden as *Virginius*, and succeeded pretty well. Miss Wyndham was *Virginia*, and must have been astonished at herself in such a character.

Malibran, (married at last to De Beriot) is on the wing for London.

The Italian Opera, London, re-opens on to-morrow night (April 9) with Gulietta Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, and Tambarini, in *La Gazza Ladra*. Perrot, the dancer, and Carlotti Grisi, the *danceuse* make their debut on Tuesday in a new ballet.

Mercandante's Opera, *I Brigante* (the subfect by Schiller,) is in preparation.

All the London theatres are now open. Miss Kelly has got a license for a small theatre she has built, back of her own house.

We are expecting Booth one of these days.

The French plays at Braham's theatre commence this night.

O'Connell is making an oration through England, this week. Five or six large towns, give him public dinners.

Lord Brougham is in very so-so health. If his complaint be inflammation of the prostrate gland, (as they say) I fear there is little chance that he can recover.

Contrary winds have driven Prince Ferdinand of Portugal back to Plymouth. He will not sail until the weather settles into calmness.

The Lord of Antrim is about marrying Colonel Parker's daughter. Vere de Vere (son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the poet, and nephew of Spring Rice) will marry Miss Standesh, Lord Limerick's grandaughter.

The alliance of the second son of the Earl of Sherborne to Miss Lavina Parker will take place on the 2d of May. It is expected that the marriage between the Honorable Captain Hamilton and Lady Harriet Hamilton, sister to the Marquis of Abercorn, will be solemnized in town during this week.

LITERATURE VERSUS GINGER-POP.

A tall, impudent looking fellow entered our closet this morning, with,

"I want to stop my paper."

"Certainly, sir, but why do you discontinue?"

"Because you have raised your price from four to five dollars.

"We have done that from necessity, sir; partly because the price of rent, paper, printing, etc., is raised to us; and partly, to be enabled to *pay literary men adequately* for the best articles producible by the talent of the country, and to awaken that spirit of literature, of which foreigners have denied the existence among us."

"Can't help literature, sir," replied the other; "can't help what foreigners say. Literary men must take care of themselves. Won't pay five dollars for a paper; can't afford it."

"Excuse me, sir," we asked; "are you fond of oysters?"

"Certainly."

"Of theatres?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you like soda-water?"

"Unquestionably."

"And mint-juleps?"

"Iudubitably?"

"And ginger-pop?"

"An excellent drink."

"And you often partake of these luxuries?"

"To be sure."

"How often?"

"Every day."

"What do you spend a year in such amusements? It may be a somewhat impertinent question; but you are, obviously, a good natured fellow, and will pardon what is not intented as an offence."

"Oh, certainly, sir; certainly. Let me see—theatres twice a week, one hundred dollars. Soda-water, mint-julep, oysters, Floyd's pies, coffee—say a dollar a day."

"Well, sir; that is three hundred and sixty five dollars for soda-water, Floyd's pies, etc., and one hundred dollars for theatres; that is, four hundred and sixty-five dollars for the stomach, etc., besides board, rent, etc.; and yet, for the pleasure of encouraging the literature of your own country, to support an established journal of thirteen years standing, and acknowledged by its enemies to have improved and to be improving every year; to aid us in our determination to pay literary men adequately for their time, industry and talents; to foster taste and good morals—for all these laudable purposes; for this motive of patriotism and philanthropy; for a liberal appreciation of the toils of others; you shrink from contributing *one dollar per annum*."

"Why, sir, the fact is——"

"This dollar per annum is less than two cents on each number."

"Why, to be sure, sir——"

"Are you married, neighbor?"

"Yes, and have two sons and three daughters grown; and the truth is, *they* are the readers more than myself. I've no great taste for reading."

"Four hundred and sixty-five dollars a year, then, you squander on *yourself* or soda-water, Floyd's pies, and ginger-pop. Yet, not *one dollar* on the innocent and tranquil amusements of your family."

"Why, sir, the—the—I—the fact is——"

"The fact is, my dear sir, you are a little ashamed of this expose of your sentiments."

"To be frank with you, sir, I am. Send me your paper. Here are the five dollars. Consider me a perpetual subscriber. If I cannot *afford* it, I will retrench my expenses in some way. I will drink *four glasses of ginger pop* less a quarter!"

Mirror.

THE BOOK AGENT.

As the sun was setting, after one of those sultry days in July, when the thermometer rose to 90 deg, a tall, lanternjawed, gambrel shank'd fellow entered the village of ———, in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a yankee backwoodsman—having on his head a squirrel skin cap, and on his feet a pair of doublesoled cowhide boots, which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatian winter. On his arm was carefully folded a butternut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dicky, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entrance into the village he inquired for the clergyman, and being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence. Arriving at his house, he found him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence, he inquired if the Rev. Mr. ——— lived in that neighborhood? The clergyman told him he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded. "I'm dreadful deaf," said the fellow; "you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say." The clergyman put his lips to his ear, and repeated the declaration that he was the person for whom he enquired and asked him the object of his call. "'Tis bin an awful hot day" said the traveller, "but it grows a leetle cooler as the sun goes down." The clergyman again inquired his business, on the top of his lungs. "I thank you a thousand times," said the strainger, "I reckoned to have got to the tavern by sundown, but I hav'nt, and as I'm prodigiously tuckered out, I'll stay, and thank ye in the bargain," following the clergyman into the house. The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying down his coat in the corner of the room and fanning himself a while with his cap, he took his seat. The clergyman, in a loud voice, asked him to what part of the country he was travelling? "Any thing that comes handy," he replied, "I'm a farmer when at home, and not much used to nick-nacks—I can eat any thing but cold pork and cabbage, and that I couldn't eat, since I was a boy—but don't put yourself out of the way at all about supper." The clergyman inquired again in a louder voice, if he was from Vermont. "I'm getting subscribers," said he, "for a valuable book—it's the works of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan,—I don't remember exactly which; but I'll see," pulling out his prospectus and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman after looking at it handed it back, and remarked, that he did not wish to subscribe. "O yes," he replied, "I always carry a pen and ink with me, as I find a great many folks that don't keep sich things in their houses," pulling out his pen and ink and offering it to the clergyman. The clergyman raised his voice to the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing. "Jest as well," said the agent, "I write the names of half of my subscribers myself," entering the name of the clergyman in his book. The clergyman, desparing of making the fellow hear any thing; concluded to get rid of him the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed. In the morning he told him, in a voice as loud as he was of, that he did not want the work, add should not take it. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about it," said the agent, "I never forget subscibers, and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time." Thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, and bidding him good morning, he trudged off as fast as legs could carry him. About a month after, as the clergyman was on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was not a little surprised to meet his old guest, the deaf book agent. He was dressed much in the same manner as before; but was seated on a box, in the fore part of a one horse wagon, drawn by a horse that would require stall feeding to make much of a shadow. Coming up with him, he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was going directly to his house with his books. The clergyman said that he must be excused from taing them, as he had a set already on hand. "No matter," said the agent, "I'm going right by your house, and can leave the books and take the money of your wife," getting into his wagon and driving off. The clergyman fearing that his family might take the books in his absence, put about for home, and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the clergyman had returned, he said, "you came back for fear of rain I 'spose, and it looks as if we was going to have a long storm," taking the books from his box and carrying them into the house. The clergyman told him, as loud as he could, that he did not want the books, and thought he was insulting him by forcing them upon him. The agent said he intended to have got a little further before the storm; but if he could not conveniently pay him the money then, he must accept of his invitation and stay till the storm was over. The clergyman, finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid him the money, as the easiest way to get rid of him.

Hartford Review.

March of Yankeeism.—The Yankees are doing the trick. Look to what quarter of the globe we may, we perceive evidences of the stride brother Jonathan is taking in the aggrandisement of *his* country. In the East the increase of American shipping is tremendous—they are doing a rattling business in the Pacific,—and we lately find that they are about to gain a long coveted object, namely, a footing in the Mediterranean. We see by the French papers that the American goverment have been in treaty with the Emperor of Morocco for a point of territory in Africa, situate at Angeza, a small bay and island adjacent to Ceuta. Whether the Emperor will cede the possession to the Americans remains to be seen. At all events it is clear that the Yankee is no fool, and any thing rather than an idle character. We generally hear of these things, thanks to Whig diplomacy, just a day after the fair. We suppose Palmerston will propose a commission to *Fez*. The *Moniteur de Commerce* has called public attention to this intrigue. We conclude that no effort will be made by Lord Palmerston to prevent this, because it is calculated to injure England most seriously, for, as the *Moniteur de Commerce* observes, the possession of a post, &c. in what may be termed another Dardanelles by the Americans, would neutralise the advantages which England derives from the possession of Gibralter. We are led to believe that Lord Palmerston will not interfere for another reason, suggested also by an observation in the foreign journal, viz., "This project of the Americans is, we are assured the result of a combination to which Russia is not a stranger." We are also assured of it, and little do we dream that the Minister who allowed the treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi to be signed, and who abandons the mouth of the Danube to Russia, under the special pleading of the latter of the necessity for a Quarantine Establishment, who, in every possible way, has shown an utter incapacity, not to say an absolute disinclination, to uphold the interests of England—little do we dream, we repeat, that Lord Palmerston will interpose in this matter, excepting to forward the views of the Americans and Russians. The *Moniteur de Commerce* quaintly observes, by way of conclusion, "Should the Americans obtain their desires, one runs no risk in saying that it would not be *Moorish* bullets that would expel them from it."—True. And, moreover, it would be something more *persuasive* than Palmerston's protocols. Bnt wherefore should such a state of things be brought on? Why is it that in every quarter, North, East, and South, England is laughed at, duped, flattered, appeased, and duped again? How is it that every and any experiment upon her forbearance is safely made—any encroachment upon her rights successfully attempted? Because both Europe and America know well who it is that now "looks after the interests and honor of the nation!"

London Age.

A Funny Man—*By Theodore Hook*.—Fun is to me what ale was to Boniface. I sleep upon fun—I drink for fun—I live upon fun; hence our dear funny friends just snit me; they do nothing but laugh; they laugh *with* one when present, and at one when absent—but to me that is the fun. I admit myself fond of practical joking—I don't mean in one's own particular circle—there it is dangerous; people are not always in the same humor: what they think uncommonly good fun to day, they will seriousiy resent as an insult the next. There's no judging with certainty a man's temper of mind, and it is not easy to asertain how much melted butter a gentleman would like to have poured into his coat pocket without kicking; I avoid that sort of thing; but on the great scale, I confess my addiction. Coming here yesterday evening, I stopped the chaise at the corner of Egham, in order to turn the finger post at the corner, half round; sent all the people bound for London to Chertsey, all the people destined for Egham to Windsor, and all the people destined for Windsor to London—that's my way.—I've whipped off every knocker in Sloan street three nights running, a hundred and ninty four, exclusive of shops; and if ever the project of lighting London with smoke, should be brought to bear, I flatter myself you will hear of my darkning the whole parish of Pancras, by grinding a gimblet through a gas pipe! These frolics cost something occasionally, but what of that?—Every man has his pursuits—I have mine.

American Generals.—Washington was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. Knox was a bookbinder and stationer. Morgan, (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Green was a blacksmith, and withal, a Quaker, albeit through all his southern campaigns and particularly at the Eutaw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold—(I ask pardon for naming him in such company)—was a grocer and provision store keeper in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen; the same that decorated his shop before the revolution. Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not march through the United States with 5000 men, was a regular built soldier, but after the revolution, a farmer. Warren the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician and hesitated not to present to his countrymen, a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practice when called upon by their country. Marion, the 'old Fox' of the South, was a cow boy. Sumpter the 'fighting cock' of South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 21, 1836.

TEXAS.

The extreme vicissitudes attending all military operations have been signally displayed in recent events in Texas. A short week since the cause of the struggling Texans seemed utterly desperate,—we heard of nothing but the retrogade movements of its small but gallant army, and the continual surprisals and massacres of its deatched corps. The warmest friends of Texas anticipated by the next arrival accounts of the utter overthrow and dispersion of the forces of Houston. These unpleasant forebodings have been all dispelled by the news of a signal victory achieved over the troops of Santa Anna and the capture of that great military chieftain himself.

It has been well remarked by a contemporary that the capture of the head of a great nation, himself a professional and experienced commander, with the entire defeat of his numerous veterans,—accomplished by a handful of undisciplined volunteers, headed by a man unused to arms,—is one of the most brilliant events recorded in the annals of war.

We leave the details of the engagement to others; they could not at this day be novel to our readers. But we must be allowed to express our gratification at so glorious a termination of an unequal and savage conflict. There would appear hardly a pretext to doubt the entire success of the Texans. The immediate and entire independence must necessarily soon follow. If, as has been asserted, Santa Anna and his officers have all been shot, according to the decision of a council of war, we cannot hope for an immediate termination of hostilities, but rather await some effort on the part of Mexico to vindicate her arms and revenge the fall of her President and his troops. But on the supposition that that wily Chief is but a prisoner with the Texans, a speedy settlement of their difficulties may be anticipated; and such a settlement must be founded upon an immediate recognition of the independence of Texas,—a prompt and glorious result due to the hardy valour of our own countrymen.

WASHINGTON CITY, 17th May, 1836.

DEAR SIR:—From others you doubtless have circumstantial accounts of the late race meeting at the metropolis. Yet a word or so from me may not be amiss. Such a re-union of rank, talent, chivalry, the bravery and beauty of the land, with lots of fine horses and other appliances to boot has been witnessed no where else in America. Certes no races ever went off with as much eclat upon the Washington Course. There was no keeping from the field the Cabinet, Senate, or Members of the lower House. Of all the candidates for the Presidency, for many years since, Harrison alone, was absent, otherwise an Olympic trial might have at once settled that vexed question. Clay, Van Buren, White, Webster and Calhoun, were all in the field.

The running was capital, both for speed and competition; in neither respect ever surpassed. Management and fortune had, on more than one race, an irresistible influence. But for a bad start, in the 2d heat of the great sweepstakes, Col. Corbin's colt, started by "the Veteran," would probably have won. The time of his 1st heat has never been equalled here. "*The Whig*" according to the rules of the course, beat *the General's* Filly. "The party" must have lost, at last, upon "Pennsylvania," her name. The "Spoils" however, were carried off by Foreign Aid—Capt. Stockton's colt. The old Hero was no doubt disappointed, but appeared to bear defeat, however unusual of late, with firmness. A transmontane Virginia colt performed wonders in the 2d sweepstakes, "when high land and low land met in battle array." He has gone North and you may hear more of him.

If the first race "was not to the swift," the Napoleon of the turf had no cause to complain of fortune the next day. The sun of Austerlitz shone forth in full splendour. But for superior generalship, and the able execution of orders by his commander of horse—the inimitable Willis—defeat would have been inevitable. Gen. Hunter's brave "*Captain*" ought to have won. *A 2d heat* of two miles in 3m. 44s. has no parallel in American Turf Annals!* Tho *Jesup* took the next heat in 3m. 50s. and bore off the plate, by winning the 4th, in a death struggle, by scarce a neck, I am not certain but that he would have had to yield to another Captain, the hero of "*Monmouth*," had the struggle been confined to them. Accident alone prevented *the* "Captain's victory."

Cippus' race 3m. heats was honestly won, without strategy. The track being heavy, from a shower that morning, prevented quick time. Though won cleverly, the race was handsomely contested by the two favorites, Joshua and Kamsidel.

The campaign closed with a victory worthy of the hero of Marengo. After *Ironette* had cleverly won her first heat, I believe, under 8 minutes, with the bets 3 to 1 in her favor, she made a masterly retreat, towards the finish of the next, when her antagonists risked all, and her heat terminated in 7m. 59s., two other competitors coming in neck and neck. The current in a greater proportion was now reversed. The 3d heat she led almost throughout and gained for her backers a glorious victory, with plenty of bon bons to boot, to the no small astonishment of those not in the secret. With great chieftains, non-committal is the order of the day. Thus closed the campaign. Your ob't serv't.

P. S. *Joe Swiler*, by imp. Leviathan won the J. C. purse, 3m. h. at Mobile, and not the Trumpator colt, as was reported.

* The writer has forgotten *Clara Howard*, who run three heats over the Union Course last year, carrying heavier weights, in 3:44—3:44—3:50.—*Editor*.

CURIOUS THEATRICAL SUIT.—Mrs. Hamblin has commenced a suit for slander against Mr. Wood, the vocalist. Mr. Graham is her counsel. The slander is said to be some statement made by Mr. Wood to Mr. Hamblin of the Bowery, respecting the conduct of Mrs. Hamblin during the last time she was in England. The damages are laid at ten thousand dollars.

In consequence of this statement, it is said that Mrs. Hamblin was not permitted to see her daughter who is now in charge of her father, Mr. Hamblin, it being recollected that Mr. Hamblin and Mrs. Hamblin are long since separated. Recently, however, on an explanation taking place, Mr. Hamblin consented to allow Miss Hamblin, a very pretty and accomplished young lady, to see her mother. Mr. Hackett was selected by both the belligerent parties to do the kind and amiable office of introducing a daughter to the heart and affections of a mother. But as Mr. Hackett has recently gone to England, another has been selected for the like purpose, and Mr. Noah, we learn, has kindly consented to do the thing in his easy and most agreeable style.

Mr. Noah is an amiable man—and a good man, as the world goes—much better than he has credit for. There is no one who would take more delight to make a fond mother and a lovely, accomplished daughter acquainted with each other, than Major Noah.

We have not yet heard whether the interview has taken place, but we learn that Mrs. H. has arrived from Boston for the purpose.

We regret these difficulties and disturbances among our eminent actors and actresses, and if any man can pour balm into the agitated bosom, Mr. Noah is the one best calculated to administer the healing liquid. After he shall have made Mrs. Hamblin and her daughter acquainted, we trust he will reconcile the difference between Mrs. H. and Mr. Wood, resulting from the imputed slander. Don't go to law—don't pay lawyers. Make up your differences, and mind your profession. That's the best way. Morning Herald of Thursday.

We agree with General Bennett that Maj. NOAH is the the very best man that could have been selected as the mediator between the belligerents. But so far as relates to the differences between Mrs. HAMBLIN and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, he will find it a less easy task to arrange that matter than he imagines. The grossness of the slander, and the currency given to it coming from such a source, more affected the standing of Mrs. H. and alienated from her more friends than the protracted quarrel with her husband. The charges against her are either true or false. If false she owes it to herself and friends to have them disproved, and the propagators punished, to the extent of the law.

☞ Among the *original miscellanies* on page 106, the reader will find several scenes from a "very mysterious opera." Some of the parodies upon popular songs in *Fra Diavolo* and *La Sonnambula* are quite ingenious and amusing. We shall be glad to hear frequently from our unknown correspondent.

A "GONE SUCKER."—A Bangor editor says:—"*Shad, Salmon, and Alewives* were sold in our city on Saturday. Oh! for a bite! We couldn't raise money enough to buy, and were therefore obliged to dine on the tail of a salt cod fish?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those gentlemen who have written us in relation to the purchase of Eclipse mares and colts will see that several are advertised for sale in to-day's paper. We can furnish the pedigrees of each in the course of two or three weeks.

"J. T." of Michigan, is informed that from May to September is the best season for the import or export, of horses from New York to Liverpool. The packet price ever ages about $100 for the passage of horse and groom. For the groom's wages say $30; allow $25 for provender, and 20 per cent for insurance. The expense of fitting up a box for the animal, properly, is about $70, and then freight of and cost of water casks is about $50 more. To this add $20 for incidentals making in all (the price of the horse being about 80 guineas) $375, or $400 in rouud numbers. A horse may be imported at less cost in a transient vessel, and exported cheaper in a packet than he could be imported here in any craft.

Zohrab, by Arabian Bagdad, by Imp. Boaster, is a b. h. 9 yrs. old. He stands, we believe, at $15, and $25, at the stable of F. H. Davis, Esq. Plaquemine, La.

Does "E. P." suppose there is but one JOHN SMITH in this city? We can introduce him to something like the *seventieth!*

Byron makes his present season at Crossland, near Alexandria, La. He is a bay horse, by Stockholder out of Patty Puff. His owner is J. H. Overton, Esq. who stands him at $35, and $50.

We regret to say that we are unable to furnish any longer complete files of our New Series. Had we anticipated such decided success, we should have printed a larger edition. Those gentlemen who have ordered files which they have not already received, will consider this our reluctant reply to their applications.

G. F. M's. letter bag for the Mediterranean squadron was received from Baltimore and put on board the frigate *United States* which sails from this port on Tuesday next.

If *Dr. Syntax* will be sold, his owner may hear of a customer on application to this office. He is wanted to go South, and a fair price will be given for him.

We are assured that *Red Maria's* dam was by *Pacolet* and not by *Potomac*. Our correspondent gave her pedigree both ways in reporting the St. Francisville races last week, and we dared not venture to decide which horse should have the preference, clerks of courses having also reported her dam to have been sired by both horses.

J. M. W's "Things Theatrical" was received yesterday too late for a place. We shall be most happy to accept his polite offer.

Communications sent in Friday morning are almost invariably crowded over until the next publication. W. E. and others, from this fact, may account for the omission of their favors.

The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser on the 1st of April came out with a marvellous story about the shooting of a *Lynx* in that quarter of the world, and the story immediately found its way into most of the papers throughout the country. Though in our *line* we did not *bite* at the tempting *bait*, while most our cotemporaries were *hooked*. The last Mobile paper comes out with the following flare up:—

"CAUGHT AT LAST."—We have a mind never to do up a good natured joke again—we give too *na-tural* ones by half. All the corps editorial in the direction of sunrise from this region, have gone mad of late, with the discovery of a "Native American" Lynx, found near the "Cypress Bluffs," on the Tombigbee river, Alabama. That the New York, Philadelphia and Boston editors, having most undoubtedly the fear of the Moon Hoax before their eyes, boasting, as they may, too, of cool heads and equable tempers, should so entirely have disregarded the *date* of the paper in which we trumped up our Lynx Story, is really matter of surprise to us Southrons of more ardent temperaments. All the world, we had supposed, knew it—certainly all the *standard* almanacs for generations past, have (with what propriety we shall not inquire) appropriated the *first day of April* to specific purposes. We are not bound to be an innovater upon ancient customs and usages. Especially the Holidays in the Calendar, we have ever been taught to venerate, and celebrate too, with what fidelidy we can command. We have finally no other consolation to offer our quill-driving brethren, who have been "*caught at last*" with our First-of-April wild beast, than a wish that they may wear their bonds as softly and pleasurably as possible, till next All Fool's Day, and then *catch* us napping if they can. At all events *Lynxing* is better than Lynching.

SOMETHING TO EAT—*and* DRINK.—Such a lot of Turtle as WELSH has got, was never before seen in New-York. After having surfeited for the season on HORN's *mock* turtle, it is pleasant to get hold of a bowl of the *real* stuff. By the way, Welsh almost daily extends his establishment, or makes some improvement in it. There never was a stand so fitted for the business, and never a man so fitted for that stand as SANDY WELSH.

All the above is suggested by a friend at our elbow to please SANDY a little, and then while his heart shall be in the melting mood, to urge upon him the propriety of earning WILLARD's old name in the concoction of *juleps*;—for our friend assures us that there is now no place in town to get a good mint julep, unless you are willing to walk as far up town as NIBLO's;—and you can't get one then, when they are hurried. Without endorsing any of the facts thus set forth, save only the excellence of the turtle, we will merely commend the suggestions to Sandy's attention.

Our friend *Far Niente*, always closes his eyes while undergoing the operation of shaving—not metaphorically, not as the Wall street bulls do when they are shaved—but literally, while the tonsor is removing his capillary superfluities. The following dialogue occurred between F. N. and a fashionable *figaro*, a few days since:

Far Niente. (With closed eyes.) You have lathered, why dont you shave?

Figaro. 'Tis done, sir, done.

F. N. Done, eh? Do you deal with the gentleman in black?

Figaro. No; but I deal with the Hart of the Bazaar, and shave with Rodgers' best.

The above from one of the daily papers is very good as far as it goes, but the writer forgot to add a most important feature. Rodgers' razors are capital—"none better if as good,"—but then without SAUNDERS' *Mettalic Tablet and Razer Strop* they are like Grumio's mustard without the beef! There are several imitations—regular humbugs—of Saunders's Tablets that are not fit to sharpen an oyster knife; indeeed they *do* say, that the very touch of one of them absolutely *turns the edge* of one of "Rodgers' best!"

The Commercial is quite scandalized that both Houses of Congress should have adjourned, a quorum not being present, to attend the races there last week. Its correspondent writes that "The Senate met—attended prayers and then—went to the races!" 'Twas very naughty of them, very.

BELMONT HOUSE at New Brighton.—MILFORD, of the American Hotel, opens this establishment during the coming week. It is really a delightful retreat, most beautifully situated, and so near the city too, that we poor Editors can leave our sanctums long enough to make it an occasional visit, tho' we should not have the audacity to think of dining there, as the good things Milford tempts one with, would beggar us. His rooms are mostly taken by "folks what dont walk" as we do, but "rides in carriages."

RECEIPTS FOR LOVE MAKING,

NOT BY THE "GIRLS UP-TOWN."

BEST RECEIPTS FOR COOKS, (TRIED.)—*To make a match.*—Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can—let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner-table; put in a good quantity of wine, and while he is soaking, stick in a word or two every now and then about Miss: this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills take him out into the drawing-room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea—then set them at the piano and blow the flame till the lady sings when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simper together for the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

TO MAKE LOVE—Take a calf's head without brains, put in a pair of sheep's eyes, and see that the tongne be well hung and has no impediment. Then take the heart, strike it with darts and put it into the mouth, like a lemon in a pig's snout. The reason of this is, that a genuine lover always has his heart at his tongue's end. Fill the skull with wind and set it a sighing. Put it on your shoulders and carry it about with you,—It is a dish to which young ladies are very partial.

SUCCINCT BIOGRAPHY.—One of the Eastern papers in summing up the qualities and leading features of Crockett's life, says—"David Crockett is dead—*he was indeed a character!*"

Huntington and Benjamin Hayes, of the police, of this city have received the reward of $10,000 for the recovery of the money recently stolen from the Providence Bank. A pretty "fair business transaction" for a day's work.

BORROWING A KNOCKER.—"Why you'd better knock the door down!—what do you want!"—"Och my darling! don't let me wake any of *your* family: I'm jist usin your knocker to wake the paple next door; I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker—rap! rap! rap!" Sun.

CARICATURE FANCIES.—*Natural Cascades.*—[Scene, a steamboat in a gale, off Point Judith.[—Mr. Snooks—"My dear you'll feel better as soon as we reach the pint." Mr. S.—"Oh! Oh! I've *reached* a quart already, and only feel the worser!"—Boy, with a bell, "Them passengers what's done bringing up their breakfasts, will please to walk down to dinner!"—Another Boy, "All passengers that have not discharged their *fare*, will please step to the captain's office."

Theatrical Gossip.

The WOODS and Mr. BROUGH commenced their farewell engagement on Monday last, Mrs. W. having happily recovered from her indisposition. Nothing need be said in praise of these vocalists,—each night they are vindicating their old fame to crowded houses. The extreme warm weather of the week must have deterred many from encountering a crowded theatre, and no more certain proof of their popularity could be demanded, than the fact that thousands are willing to sit for three long hours of an evening, suffocated almost with the excessive heat.

The delightful Sonnambula is as attractive as on the first night, and Auber's Fra Diavolo always fills the house. We have a few days more to listen to them, and we hardly dare hope that the Woods will ever visit the country again. They must have realized enough from their labors to rest a while therefrom and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate*.

WALLACK has taken his farewell benefit, and acknowledged the kindness of the audience, as he was pleased to term it, in his usual felicitous manner. He certainly surpasses all other stars in this *now* most essential part of the profession. We shall doubtless see him again next year, and so we leave him wishing him in return health and wealth and growing honors.

Mrs. WHEATLEY took a benefit on Thursday. Appealing to the public on strong though melancholy grounds, she of course had a good house, but it should have been a crowded one. Her daughter, the beautiful and clever EMMA, appeared in *Imogene* and *Victorine*. Are we never to see her again going through a regular engagement? She is surely one of the most promising actresses in the world.

RICHINGS has a benefit this evening. He has probably more personal friends than any other actor on the Park boards; but trusting neither to that circumstance, nor to his own merits, he has engaged the WOODS and Mr. BROUGH, and will of course put money in his purse.

The play-goers at the Park must not forget next week a great favorite *in his line of business*. We allude to MR. BLAKE, the Treasurer—as courteous and *clever* a man, in the foreign or domestic acceptation of the term, as ever broke bread. His friends must give him a strong turn at his benefit. Let every body go—cram the house—"call him out," and we'll have a *wreath* prepared in the most approved style of—Bosting!

MRS. CHAPMAN that was—Mrs. Richardson that is—is about to make her appearance at the Franklin Theatre, on the occasion of her brother's benefit. Rumor says she will lead the business at the Park next season. If Mrs. HILSON *should* resign the situation she now fills, which feeble health rather than the decline of her popularity or ability to please, must render irksome to her, it could hardly be better filled than by Mrs. C. the former incumbent. MRS. GEORGE BARRET, of the Tremont, if the Bostonians would consent to spare her, would be an acquisition; and so too, would be Miss MARY VOS, or MISS ELIZA RIDDLE, both now at Mobile. We would say a word and a strong one too, for PELBY's "fair daughter," but that, if MRS. ANDERSON left him, we should "take from him the means whereby he lives."

Flynn and Willard have effected engagements with three brilliant stars for the National Theatre, (late Italian Opera,) BOOTH, CELESTE, and—but *the* other is a secret, and we must not tell tales out of school.

FORREST returns to his professional duties here in September. It is altogether a matter of doubt with which manager he leagues his fortunes.

MACREADY is engaged for the Park next season; POWER, ditto.

MISS CLIFTON will not appear until the September season, and will spend the summer in recruiting her health and the study of new characters. This determination will be a great disappointment to many of her friends, though called for by the arduous professional duties she has fulfilled abroad with so much honor to herself and credit to the American Stage.

JOHN SEFTON, alias *Jemmy Twitcher*, is the author of the great attraction at the Franklin—"*Mobb the Outlaw*"—which has been played nightly since its production.

BURTON, of the Chesnut St.—the Placide and pet of the Philadelphians, will give us a taste of his quality next season. New Yorkers will greet him heartily, the fears of misjudging friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

The HARRISONS and BLAKELEY leave the Park for the Bowery at the close of this season, (4th July.)

MRS. KENT, of the Lion, Boston, is engaged for the ensuing season at the Park. She is a fine looking woman, very, and will relieve "the ox-ey'd Juno," MRS. GURNER, of a portion of her arduous duties, though of none of her admirers.

FINN comes North this summer, and will play an engagement at the National, before his return. The new house opens 31t September.

"OLD SOL" SMITH withdraws from us the light of his good hnmored countenance this season, to superintend his new theatre at St. Louis. LUDLOW, his partner, will be in town, shortly, after recruits.

The BARNES', RUSSELL, MRS. GIBBS, "TAG" FIELD, MISSES RIDDLE and VOS, THORNE, GAMBATI, CIOFFI, MRS. DRAKE, EATON, and a host of others, will probably be in town in the course of the ensuing month, from the South and West.

MRS. HAMBLIN, FORBES, DR. VALENTINE, and other luminaries, are enjoying themselves here as well as they may.

MRS. McLEAN has been thought of, as a likely candidate for histrionic fame since her debut at the Park.

HAMBLIN, having lost Booth, Celeste, Scott, Ingersoll, and in fine, everybody but GATES, who sticks to him "like a man of wax," as he is, has made up his mind to *drop* his *swag* with such a *looseness* as to secure something "a touch out o' the common" for next September. Now that his treasurer and stage manager have set up under his nose, on their own account, it behooves him to do the fair thing by the Bowery Boys, or the "nursery of native genius" will prove an out and out *no go*.

ROBERT CHAPMAN, ESQ., better known by the familiar cognomen of "Old Bob Chapman," has got his "ark" or Steamboat Theatre, completed at Cincinnati. EATON played *Shylock* there the other night. It is said to be tastefully fitted up divided into pit, boxes, gallery, etc., and will be opened *all 'long shore* from Cincinnati to New Orleans, in the course of the season.

EATON played *Richard* at Pittsburg last Saturday, and announced his intenonti of leaving immediately for Europe. Hackett, Hill and Eaton, to say nothing of FORREST, who *may* play, and MISS CLIFTON who has, with triumphant success, will give John Bull some idea of what Brother Jonathan can do if he has a fair chance.

WALLACK and the TIERNANS are at the Arch St. Philadelphia, and JIM CROW and J. R. SCOTT at the Walnut St. Theatre.

BALLS and ABBOTT, with the Washington Company seem to be doing a very fair business at the Holliday St. House, Baltimore, and probably will during the races.

BOOTH has got back to the Lion Theatre, Boston. They have CELESTE at the Tremont.

The WATSONS are giving concerts at New Haven, and will visit if duly encouraged, most of the principal towns in New England. The gay Lotharios down East must beware of MISS CHARLOTTE's "lightning glances;" they are piercers for which there is "no balm in Gilead."

BOOTH is playing at Providence, R. I. the company from the Lion Theatre, Boston, having opened there for a limited season.

The "unwritten music" of Mrs. Lewis' pirouettes, at the Tremont, according to the Boston Transcript, are throwing the good people of that town into ecstacies.

An Indiana paper informs us that Paganini is expected West during the approaching summer.

INCLEDON, wishing to give a stranger an idea of a man who was extremely thin, said, "His leg is a capital leg to *clean a flute* with." Boston Morning Post.

The Philadelphia National Gazette, in reference to the "Farewell Benefit" of Mrs. Wood, at the Arch street Theatre, in that city, on Friday evening, has the following:

We hope there will be as little as possible of that ridiculous nonsense, on the part of the audience, which in Boston made the good folks so heartily ashamed of themselves as to produce a sort of reaction, in which injustice was done to the objects of their preposterous enthusiasm.

☞ See page 109 for recent Letters from our *London* and *Liverpool Correspondents*.

Sporting Intelligence.

THE GREAT MATCH.

JOHN BASCOMB is now at Drew's Hotel, in the vicinity of the Union Course, in charge of Mr. M. L. HAMMOND, his trainer. The report that Col. JOHNSON's trainer—ARTHUR TAYLOR—would have the management of Bascomb while at the North is unfounded. And much as we appreciate the masterly skill of that "knowing one," we incline to the opinion that the Southern Champion could not be in better hands. If a succession of victories with a single stable is deemed the test of his abilities, then assuredly Mr. Hammond stands above all rivalry. Since the 1st of January, 1836,—little more than three months—horses from the stable under his management have ran *Eighteen* races out of which he has won *Fifteen!* And it is a singular fact that the *three* races lost by Col. CROWELL's horses were run in the absence of his trainer. Deducting the three purses lost from the amount of the fifteen matches and purses won, the sum in favor of Col. Crowell's stable is rising of *Twenty-five Thousand Dollars!* A pretty good business for a three months campaign.

Bascomb arrived here on Thursday week last in fine plight, and is improving daily. The turfites on the Island who were inclined to bite their thumbs at him, when at a distance, now begin to esteem him "a marvellous proper" horse. Those who have seen him look very wise—keep close and take whatever odds they can get against him. He is in fine spirits and takes his exercise regularly and cheerfully. He is *right* in every respect.

Ironette, though she won at Washington, last week, is given over, for the great match. Indeed, with the Union Course weights upon her back she could hardly do her 2d heat within 8 minutes, (8: 6, being her best 2d heat last year,) so that she's of "no use." If by any mischance Bascomb should break down in training just before the match comes off, we know of nothing that could start for it with any chance. *Juliana* would not be put in nomination, even if here, probably, and the result would be that the Northern horse would receive forfeit. Most heartily do we hope such a positive *calamity* may be averted; though there is a possibility, we are confident there are no more than ordinary grounds for the presumption of such an event.

A thousand rumors and conjectures are afloat in relation to *Post Boy*. Though not in tip top racing order by any means, at the first Spring Meeting, another month's training must tell. We give no credence to the thousand flying reports that he is amiss, though if he is, and should be, there are many who think his place could be filled, without essential detriment to the backers of the Northern Champion. *Mingo* and *Cadmus* are yet in reserve, and the race which the latter was to make yesterday at Baltimore, is fraught with a more important bearing upon the match on the 31st instant, than most people are aware of.

Mingo was stale—anything but right—when he ran last here, though he performed like a good one, and did his work handsomely. He was not up to the mark by "a long shot," and as for Post Boy, he was farther off—not comparable with him in condition. Suppose Mingo *had* been in first rate "fix," where would the field have been? *Veto* certainly ran his three miles in the first heat in slap up style, and yet Mingo *was held to him* throughout, the other running under the spur. The friends of Juliana were so confident she would win the 2d heat that Veto was withdrawn, a circumstance which was regretted afterwards though no doubt the result would have been unchanged. Before the 2d heat the orders to Mingo's rider were to let the mare lead at all events, and to make his run on the streight stretch of the last quarter of the fourth mile. Mingo was judged, and rightly too, to have the foot of her, and it was evident after the 2d mile that he could pass her at any moment with ease. On the third mile as Mingo was trailing his jockey found that the clowds of dust were not only choking himself but his horse, and accordingly he pulled him to the outside of the track. But like Pat's flea Mingo would'nt "stay put," for running up and locking the mare it was as much as his rider could do to keep him in that position until they ascended the rising ground on the third quarter when Mingo passed and gradually widened the gap, coming home under a hard pull nearly two lengths ahead.

From present appearances it is altogether likely that Bascomb and Post Boy will come together "in good order and well conditioned." We gave the average odds last week as about 3 to 1 on the Northern horse. They have since declined so much that we are inclined to think the close of another week will find the betting EVEN, the odds to-day being 100 to 75 only against Bascomb.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

The First Spring Meeting commenced on the above Course on Tuesday last, and resulted as follows:

First Day.—Tuesday, May 17, Purse of $300, three mile heats in harness.

Mr. Anderson's *Columbus*,	1	1
Mr. Woodruff's *Rolla*,	3	2
Mr. Jones' *Fanny Pullen*,	2	dis.

Time 1st heat 8:15—2d 8:24.

In the match for $500 a side, announced for that day, Mr. Bryan's bay horse paid forfeit to Mr. Smith's grey colt.

Second Day.—Wednesday. Purse $200, two mile heats under the saddle.

Mr. G. Spicer's *D. D. Tompkins*,	2	0	1	1
A. Conklin's *Modesty*,	1	0	2	2

Time, 1st heat 5:25—2d 5:27—3d 5:25—4th 5:25.

A very interesting trot;—last heat won only by 18 inches.

Same day.—Purse $200, two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all g. horses.

Mr. Woodruff's *Whip-poor-will*,	1	3	1
Mr. J. Conklin's *Unknown*,	5	2	2
Mr. Wheelan's *Wellington*,	3	1	*
Mr. F. Woodruff's *Serina*,	2	*	*
Mr. Clintock's *Alexander*,	4	*	*
Mr. Whitcomb' *Clara Fisher*,	6	*	*

Time 1st heat, 5:39—2d, 5:43—3d, 5:45. * Not placed.

THIRD DAY, Thursday. Purse $200. Two mile heats under the saddle, free for all trotting hores that never won a purse of $100.

Mr. Woodruff's *Norman Leslie*	2	1	1
Mr. Whelpley's *Job Fox*	1	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 5:22—2d. 5:24—3d. 5:26.

SAME DAY. Purse $200. Three mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $100.

Mr. Furman's *Washington*	1	2	1
Mr. Clintock's *Alexander*	2	1	2

Time 1st heat, 8:25—2d. 8:27—3d. 8:27.

The trotting was never more intresting than at this meeting, the contests for each purse being severe. Conklin deserves not only credit, but solid patronage for his spirit and liberality in giving so many and so handsome purses. The next fine trotting we shall see, will be the match for $2000 a side, between Lady Slipper and Dutchman—announced some time since, and to come off the day of the great match on the Union Course.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE for *May*. Baltimore; Edited by A. J. DAVIS, and published by Gideon B. Smith.

We have just given the May number of this long established monthly a thorough perusal. It is not only a *readable* number throughout, but has two or three *excellent* articles. We instance two for the purpose of noting the laborious research of the Editor or his correspondents—one upon "North Carolina Blood,' the other upon the "Recent Importations of English Stallions." The ordinary reader can hardly appreciate the vexatious difficulties of such compilations. There is a long article on "Imported Horses," the writer of which, though we presume *interested* shows much fairness and good sense in defending himself from the censure of "Fair Play." The article is full of interest and valuable information.

This number of the Register is embellished with an engraving of *Wild Bill*, whom our Northern readers will recollect as the competitor of *Bonnets o' Blue* in 1830, he then bearing the name of *Pilot*.

The editorial conduct of the Register has been assumed by Mr. ALLEN J. DAVIS, and this his first essay, promises well for his ability to sustain the interest and character of a magazine, so extensively and favorably known.

The Georgia Journal of the 19th ult, remarks to this effect .—

Since the match race between *John Bascombe*, and *Argyle*, we have seen it stated that the time (7m. 44s.) was better than any made in the Southern States. We are reminded to say that *Andrew*, of Virginia, owned by Messrs. Howard and Kenan, and now standing near this place, once run his second heat at Norfolk, of four miles, in 7m. 40s. The first having been run in 7m. 50s.

MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Commenced over the Central Course on Tuesday last, with a flattering prospect of sport. A writer in the Patriot says "There are now at, and on their way, the greatest number of stables of horses that have ever been on the Course. Colonel Johnson's, Mr. Stevens's, Captain Stockton's, Mr. Garrison's, Mr. Kendall's, Mr. Oliver's, Mr. Wallis', Mr. Gilmor's, General Emory's, Mr. Boyce's, Mr. Selden's, and perhaps many others. The course is in fine order, and from the stakes, matches, plate and purses, the finest sport may be expected. On Tuesday will be run a sweepstakes, six subscribers, $500 each, h. f.; after which a match for $1000 aside, h. f. On Wednesday the plate, value $500—after which a match for $1000 a side. On Thursday proprietor's purse, $500, three mile heats; and on Friday Jockey Club purse, $1000, four mile heats. The roads and bridges leading to the Course have recently been repaired, and are in excellent order."

The Baltimore Republican furnishes the following report:

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, May 17. Sweepstakes for three year colts, Mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, six subscribers.

Jno. Heth's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Alfred	1	1
Y. N. Oliver's b. f. by Bolivar, out of the dam of Busiris	2	2
J. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex, dam Brunette	3	ds.

Time, 1:53—1:57.

The match for $1,000 a side, between Mr. Coleman and Col. McCarty did not come off, in consequence of the absence of one of the parties.

SECOND DAY, May 18. The following were the entries for the *Craig Plate* value $500. Two mile heats:

R. Adams' b. h. *Somerville*, 5 years old, by Byron	3	1	1
A. J. Donelson's ch. h. *The Captain*, 5 years old, by Rob Roy	2	2	2
John E. Dorsey's b f. *Virginia Graves*, 4 yrs old, by Sir Charles	1	dis.	
P. Wallis' gr. f. *Molinera*, 3 years old, by Medley	4	dr.	
J. C. Stevens' ch. m. *Cora*, 5 years old, full sister to Medoc	5	dr.	
J. M. Selden's b. f. *Corinne*, 4 years old, by Teniers	dis.		

Time, 3:52—3:58—4:9.

The match race between Mr. William Coleman's b. c. by Medley, and Mr. C. S. W. Dorsey's filley by Sussex, was won by the former in two heats.

Time, 1:50—2:1

TREE HILL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

RICHMOND VA., MAY 15TH, 1836.

SIR—I send you the following as the result of the Spring Meeting over the Tree Hill Course. Weights, for 3 yrs. old, 86lbs.; 4 yrs. old 100; 5 yrs. old 110; 6 yrs. old 118; aged, 121; 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, MAY 10. 1836. A Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Mile heats. Entrance $300, forfeit $100—seven subs.

1. John Heth s. c. by Henry, out of the dam of Tarquin	pd. ft.		
2. W. Williamson ch. c. by Timoleon, d. sister of Tuckahoe	pd ft.		
3. W. R. Johnson gr. c. by Medley, d. Kate Kearney	pd. ft.		
4. W. Wynn ch. f. by Charles, d. Isabella	2	3	2
5. Geo. Goodwyn b. f. by Timoleon, d. by Virginian	1	2	3
6. W. McCargo s. c. by Eclipse, d. Creeping Kate	3	1	1
*7. W. L. White s. c. by Timoleon, d by Sir Charles	4	4	4

Time, 1:55—1:55—1:58.

*Mr. White's colt was trotted up the stretch to exhibit his lameness before the start.

The SECOND DAY, the Proprietor's Purse, $300, Two mile heats, was won by Mr. Garrison's ch. h. *Bumper*, 4 yrs. old by John Richards, beating in four heats *Somerville*, *Paul Jones*, *Mary Lea*, and 6 others, Bumper winning the 3rd and 4th heats. This race I was prevented by indisposition from attending, and have as yet been unable to obtain farther particulars.

THIRD DAY. Jockey Club Purse, $1000, 4 mile heats.

1. Henry Maclin's s. h. *Philip*, 5 yrs. old, by Janus	1	*	2
2. John Heth's gr. h. *Westwood*, 5 yrs old, by Hotspur	dis.		
3. Jno. M. Botts's ch. c. *Upton Heath*, 4 yrs. old, by Gohanna	3	*	3
4. O P. Hare's b. c. *Spartacus*, 4 yrs. old, by Charles	*	1	1
5. W. McCargo's b. m. *Sally Eubanks*, 6 yrs. old, by Roanoke	*	*dis.	
6. Isham Puckett's ch. f. *Lobelia*, 4 yrs. old, by Charles	*	2	*
7. Hector Davis's b. c. *Lake Erie*, 4 yrs. old, by Yankee Doodle	*	dis.	
8. Geo. B. Poindexter's b. g. *Pizarro*, aged, by Alfred	dis.		
9. Geo. Goodwyn's ch. h. *Pembroke*, 4 yrs oid, by Merlin	*	*	*
10. Jas. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Virginia Timberlake*, 4 yrs. old, by Charles	*	3dis.	
11. R. Adams's br. h. *Alp*, 5 yrs. old, by Rockingham	2	*	4

Time, 8:07—8:13—8:05.

Those marked thus * stopped within the distance stand and walked through.

FOURTH DAY. First race, a Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old, Mile heats. Entrance $100, half forfeit—4 subscribers.

1. Isham Puckett's ch. c. by Sussex	1	1
2. W. L. White's b. f. by Carolinian	2	2

Time, 1:58—2:00.

Second Race. A Sweepstake for colts and fillies, 3 yrs. old. Entrance $100, half forfeit.

1. John Heth's ch. c. by Henry, out of the dam of Tarquin	3	1	1
2. W. Williamson's b. c. by Iphiclus	2	3	2
3. T. Graves's s. f. by Eclipse	1	2	3
4. Isham Puckett's ch. f. by Carolinian	4	dr.	

Time, 1:55—1:54—1:57.

Third race—Two mile heats for a silver Tureen value $300, four subscribers.

1. Isham Puckett's b. f. 4 year old, by Tonson d. Flirtilla	1	dist	
2. W. Williamson's *Buccanier*, 4 years old by Gohanna	2	1	1
3. J. P. Corbin's br. c. *Firebrand*, 4 years old, by Engineer	dist.		
4. Jno. M. Botts' b. h. *Reuben*, 5 years old by Gohanna	3	2	dr.

Time, 4:1—3:54

CH. L. BOTTS, Sec'y.

The third day's race for the Jockey Club purse although not very closely contested was a very interesting one from the handsome exhibition made by Mr. Hare's promising colt, and there are some people hereabouts Mr. Editor, who are inclined to think that if Mingo would visit his Southern friends in the fall, that he would find a third heat in 8:5 over the Tree Hill course a more troublesome job than a first heat in 7:58 over the Union track.

THE SPRING MEETING

Of the Louisville, Ky. Jockey Club having been postponed, owing to the backwardness of the season, until the 17th inst., will account for the omission of the results in to-day's paper.

We should have received ere this, reports of the Columbus, Ga. and Columbus, Miss. races. Letters from the former place inform us that Col. Crowell's *Lady Nashville* was beaten there on the four mile day, by Messrs. Kenan and Howard's *Miss Medley*. The *Lady*, it should be understood, was not in the hands of her regular trainer, Mr. Hammond, who at the time was on his way to this city with *John Bascombe*. By the by, we regret to remark that owing to serious Indian disturbances in his neighborhood, COL. CROWELL may not have it in his power to attend the decision of the match here in which his horse is destined to act so conspicuous a part.

The Lewisville, Ohio, Jockey Club, held their meeting on the 5th inst. We care not very much about their races, but we *do* want to hear how their *Gander Pulling* resulted, that being the most attractive feature in the Club's bill of fare, as we noticed some weeks since.

The report of the Jockey Club Races at New Iberia, La. ought to have reached us last week and we fear has miscarried. Will the Secretary send us a duplicate report should it not appear in our next paper.

We hear nothing from the Rahway, N. J. races. They were to have come off the 26th of April. We suspect, however, that like those proposed over Davison's Course at Bordentown, they have been indefinitely postponed.

JOHN BASCOMB, POST BOY, AND MISS MEDLEY.

NEAR ENFIELD, N. C. MAY 13TH, 1836.

DEAR SIR—I saw in your last number a correspondent over the signature of N. who is disposed to award to *Miss Medley*, more credit than to *John Bascomb*. N. readily tells how much short of a mile the Augusta track is, but he carefully omits to tell of the shortness of the Macon Course. I can only account for this negligence on the part of N. by supposing he is interested in the Medley stock. The friends of John Bascomb, from Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, will be on the ground on the 31st of this month, when they will be glad to meet with a few of the gents who are ready and willing to back Post Boy, (or *any* other horse) against John Bascomb. Respectfully yours, ALABAMA.

The Providence Journal contradicts the report that Huntington and Hays the New York Police officers, have received $10,000 reward for the recovery of the money belonging to the Merchants' Bank. There are several claimants, and a legal tribunal must determine to whom it belongs.

NEW YORK BOAT CLUBS.

There is great note of preparation at Castle Garden among our numerous Boat Clubs. The season for aquatic recreation is near at hand, and from the demonstrations in progress we opine the present will altogether surpass any former season for the variety and beauty of our water craft. Clubs are being organised on every side, among our intelligent and respectable young men; and though a few members of the old ones have taken sleeping partners since last year, and left off rowing to rock the cradle, still there is energy and spirit enough left among the gallants of the town to man a flotilla that can any day beat the world in general, and Philadelphia in particular.

Among the rumors of the day, we hear that the Whitehallers will get a challenge for no small amount of *the swag*, to row against one of the crack clubs. The members of the Jersey Club—an old and popular one—having moored their boat and cut their sticks, leave the Whitehallers no other competitors. As for the Clubs of Brooklyn—and clever fellows compose them—they "dont begin" with the Gothamites, though they undoubtedly will if ever they get as old. They came pretty near it last year, they say; and they did, about as near as the boy came to getting the pig. "I say father, I came pretty darn'd nigh getting Deacon Mullikin's pig for mine to day." "You dont say so, John: how'd ye do that?" "Why, I axed the Deacon if the pig was his'n, and he said it *was* his'n, and then I axed him if he'd give him to me, and he said *no*, he'd see me ——— first!—now if he'd only said *yes*, I'd had him."

In the course of half an hour's stroll about Castle Garden the other day, we "snapped up various unconsidered trifles" in relation to the Boats stowed away there, and their crews, "all of which," as the Naval Commissioners say, "is respectfully submitted."

THE WAVE.—The members of this club are out and outers, and with their new boat will shew the way to anything that walks the water. CROLIUS has built for them recently a nonpareil of water craft, that for delicay of model rivals the leg of Vestris. She rows eight oars, and is about five feet in length. If we remember aright a portion of her crew manned *The Swan* in 1834.

THE EAGLE is another "fast crab" of six oars, and having been newly painted and fitted up, looks "rather varmint'.' She was rowed by the Whitehallers last year against the old *Wave*, but lost the match.

THE DOLPHIN was a crack boat last year and looks like nothing but a good one. She rows eight oars and is in fine order.

THE ARIEL has been out repeatedly this season, her crew being in training to cut out work for the fast ones. She is built for seven oars.

THE ATLANTIC also built for seven oars is manned by youngsters. But they are no boys as their rivals will find. They are strong enough for the stout and too swift for the fast.

THE WAKONA has long been noted for the excellence of her crew; she rows four oars and having been afloat but a year is "just as good as new."

THE MINERVA is another four oar'd boat and a good one, we understand, though we did not see her.

THE NEPTUNE which frequently visits the dominions of His Majesty, is a large nine oar'd boat rather calculated for pleasant water parties than the display of aquatic skill.

What has become of THE STAR, manned last year by the histrions of the Park Theatre, we did not learn, though when it is remembered that we were but half an hour in getting at the facts above, it must be conceded we made the most of our time.

At the request of several members of the Boat Club Association we make room for the following article that appeared in this paper some three years since:—

No city in the old world, or the new, is so admirably situated as this for a boat race; no exercise is so conducive to health and strength, as rowing; and no gala so exciting to those who witness or partake it, as a regatta! It is therefore a matter we have often regretted, that though there are now 15 or 20 regular six-oar'd cutter clubs belonging to this city, and all composed of most respectable young men, no plan has yet been matured to bring them altogether, so that they may excite emulation among themselves, and impart pleasure to their friends and visitors.

A small subscription from each club would easily purchase a silver oar, or some other appropriate prize, and the vicinity of the battery affords the most picturesque spot in the world to contest the race in. A regatta thus made up among the young men of the city, would establish rowing as a fashionable amusement, and when once the example were set, it would become a regular enjoyment in which hundreds would partake, and those who now become weak for lack of exercise, would speedily acquire increase of strength, improvement in health, and the opportunity of exhibiting their skill and dexterity to admiring crowds. A more animated scene than a regatta cannot be imagined. The shore thronged with the beauty and fashion of the city; the water covered with boats and barges of every imaginable variety; and the excitement of a contest at once healthy and honorable would render such an event the jubilee of a New York summer.

We hope the gentlemen of the boat clubs will take the thing in hand, and not permit so beneficial an exercise to contribute, as at present, only its least possible quantity of good.

We have received many communications on this subject, some of which contain suggestions that may be useful to new beginners, and no way detrimental to older hands. We beg to throw out a few remarks that occur to us at the moment in hopes that they may prove useful.

Boats. Most of the boats now in use are rather too short in the keel. A four oar'd cutter should be at least 30 feet long, and a six oar'd boat should be 6 feet more. Some competent person should be appointed to examine the work before it is paid for, as several clubs have already suffered for want of having the timbers well secured and properly seasoned.

Oars. Oars should not be too elastic. Much of the rower's force is lost in having too springy an oar; each of them should be 13 feet and a half in length, except the bow and stroke oar which should be half a foot shorter.

Rowing. The stroke should be quick and smart. The body should be bent so as to throw the oar as far forward as possible, and the pull be continued fairly up to the chest. Keeping time, (or "the stroke" as it is termed) is of the greatest importance both as to speed and appearance, and which only practice can perfect you in. In raising the oars on coming in, let the action of each be simultaneous, the slightest difference looking clumsy and irregular. In racing, do not strive too hard at first, it will incapacitate all for an effort at the critical moment, and remember that is an attribute of bravery to bear triumph or defeat with the same equanimity.

Trimming. Though all the crew should be as nearly as possible of the same weight, yet if there be any difference the heavier men should be in the middle. The stroke oar should be in the hands of the steadiest man, as all take their time from him. While the bow-man should be equally expert with the oar and the boat-hook.

Dress. Jackets should not be worn, they confine the arms and chest which should be free. Guernsey shirts are better, and woollen are preferable to cotton, both for wear and retention of color. Straw hats, white trowsers, black kerchief, and a broad belt will then complete a good uniform.

Practice. The mornings are better than the evenings for practice, when they can be so used. Every club should row together three times a week, and very little use will render eight or ten miles an easy distance. In the neighborhood of our city there are hundreds of lovely spots, in visiting which, the air and exercise will emply repay the exertion: all the faculty agree in recommending rowing as the most healthful of exercises, for it not only strengthens the arms, but by expanding the chest and circulating the blood, makes you live longer, happier and better.

The song that lightens the languid way,
  When brows are glowing,
  And faint with rowing.
Is like the spell of hope's fairy lay,
To those sounds through life we stray,
  Nothing is lost on him who sees,
  With an eye that feeling gave:
To him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.

John Bascombe leaves here this morning, with Colonel Hampton's horses, to be added to the stable of Colonel Johnson of Virginia, and will be one of the southern corps, from which a competitor will be selected to run against *Post Boy*, on the 31st day of May next, over the Union Course, Long Island, for five thousand dollars aside, half forfeit.

We are requested to say to the editors friendly to the improvement of horses and the sports of the turf, to give this notice a place in their paper.

Augusta Chronicle, 16th inst.

The above paragraph *has* had a place in half the papers throughout the country, but as far as COL. HAMPTON's horses are concerned, has been contradicted repeatedly. Col. H. will be here personally, the ensuing meeting, though *Bay Maria*, *Argyle* and his other horses *will not*, as we understand. It is a little singular that neither the Augusta or Columbus papers should enlighten us in the premises. If we are not mistaken, Col. H's. stable were in attendance at Columbus, Ga. the races at which place commenced on the 3d instant.

Sporting Intelligence.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The following report of the Spring Meeting of this Club, held on the Washington City Course, commencing May 10th, 1836, was reported for this paper expressly, by a highly esteemed correspondent. The weights carried are annexed: 3 yrs. old, 86lbs.; 4 yrs. old, 100; 5 yrs. old, 110; 6 yrs. old, 118; aged, 124lbs. with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

FIRST DAY, May, 10, 1836. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats: sub. $1000, ft. $250. Ten subs.

Capt. R. F. Stockton's im. c. *Langford*, out of Peri by Starch	3	1	1
Col. R. P. Corbin's (Col. Wm. R. Johnson's) b. c. by Sir Charles out of Star's dam	1	3	3
Maj. A. J. Donelson's br. f. *Pennsylvania*, by Bolivar out of Busiris's dam	2	2	2
William H. Minge's Charles c. out of a Lucifer mare	4	4 dis.	
Col. J. M. Selden's c. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal, bolted.			

Time, 1:50—1:55—2:00.

Corbin's colt the favorite. The first heat closely contested by the Bolivar filly; for the second heat Corbin's colt got a miserable start, by which he lost the heat and race. Third heat won easily.

SECOND RACE, FIRST DAY. Sweepstakes for 3 yrs. old colts and fillies, mile heats, sub. $200, ft. $50, six subscribers.

Charles Oliver's cr. c. *Richard of York*, by Star	1	1
Col. F. Thompson's g. c. *Isaac of York*, by Sir Charles	2 dis.	

Time, 1:52—1.54. No contest.

SECOND DAY, MAY 11. Subscription Plate, $500, Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's g. h. *Jesup*, by Medley, 6 yrs old	5	5	1	1
Mr. Oliver's (Gen. Hunter's) s. c. *Captain*, by Rob Roy, 5 yrs	2	1	3	2
Mr. J. B. Kendall's b. c. *Pythias*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs	2	4	2r.o.	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richard's, 6 yrs	4	2	4r.o.	
Mr. Thompson's b. f. *Virginia Graves*, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs	1	3	dist.	

Time, 3:55—3:44—3:51—4:07.

Monmouth rather the favorite,—Heavy betting between him and Jesup. The second heat was the best ever made on this course, and the best second heat made during the last year save by Clara Howard, who run it in the same time. Captain ought to have won the race—in Johnson's hands he is the best 2 mile horse in America. Willis won the 4th heat in a manner that places him above any rider of the present day. Jesup actually run it on three legs, and the moment he was drawn up gave way in his fore leg.

SECOND RACE, SECOND DAY. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats, sub. $200, ft. $50, 7 subs.

Mr. Bowie's c. Charles Magic	1	1
Mr. Dorsey's b. f. by Sussex, out of Jessie	2	2
Gov. Spriggs' b. f. by Sussex, out of Nancy Norwood	dis.	
Mr. Robt. Gilmor's c. c. *Howard*, by Sir Charles, out of Sally Walker.	dis.	

Time, 1:51—1:57.

No contest. The winner destined to figure on the turf—Howard too fat. Gov. Spriggs' filly had a bad start.

THIRD DAY, MAY 12. Three mile heats, purse $500.

O. S. Hall's bl. c. *Cippus*, by Industry	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. *Joshua*, by Gohanna	2	2
J. B. Kendall's br. m. *Kamsidel*, by Industry	3	3
Col. J. M. Selden's ch. c. *Rebel*, by Timoleon	5 dis.	
Mr. C. Thompson's b. c. *Lodi*, by Star	4 dr.	
Wm. H. Minge's b. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon	dis.	
Mr. R. Gheselin's b. f. *Haidee*	dis.	

Time, 6:03—6:04.

Kamsidel and Joshua freely offered against the field—not much betting—after the 1st heat, sharp betting field against Cippus—close contest between him and Joshua. Kamsidel was too high for three miles. Joshua was ridden very badly, had Willis been on his back the *tune* might hav. been changed.

FOURTH DAY, MAY 13. Jockey Club Purse, $1000, in yellow jackets.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. m. *Ironette*, 7 y. o. by Contention	1	3	1
O. J. Hall's ch. f. *Miss Maynard*, 4 y. o. by Industry	3	1	3
C. Thompson's b. h. *Enceiro*, 4 y. o. by Star	5	2	2
Chas. Duvall's b. c. *Prince George*, 4 y. o. by Industry	2	4 dis	
Capt. R. F. Stockton's c. c. *Middlesex*, 4 y. o. by Sir Charles	4	dis	
Governor Spriggs' b. f. *Atalanta*, 4 y. o. by Industry	6	dis	

Time, 7:54—7:59—8:02.

This was a splendid race; long odds on Ironette against the field. After 1st heat 100 to 20 freely offered; for the 2nd heat, she lead until the last half mile of the heat, when Miss Maynard and Enceiro passed her; WILLIS finding he could not win the heat pulled up. Many supposed the weight had distressed her; 2 and 3 to 1 against her, and even as high as 10 to 1 were offered and taken. For the third heat she lead until the same old place, when Enceiro and Miss Maynard brushed by her; but the cunning Willis let them worry each other and then passed them without difficulty. There were many disappointed ones.

The result of this and the two mile race, prove beyond a doubt that equal nags stand no chance against JOHNSON'S management—ARTHUR TAYLOR'S training, and WILLIS'S riding. The Industry stock have won never fading laurels for their sire; Miss Maynard astonished every body; she is very large and is going to be troublesome. Poor Middlesex—he is a snorter for two miles; but over that distance he could not go the pace—time and condition may do much for him. Enceiro proved himself game to the back bone. There was much betting between him and Middlesex. There were many *bungling* starts during the week; they have no "call back *flag*." The time at the judges stand, and that of others, did not agree well except in the 2 mile day. Mr. J. who has much experience made the time 8—7:59—8:10. Upon the whole, the races went off pretty well, though there is *much wanting*, to place the National Course on the same footing, with either the Central or New York Courses.

Truly yours, N.

THE LATE MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

MOBILE, APRIL 19TH, 1836.

MR. EDITOR.—I would have given you the result of our races, previously, but I presume you have ere this seen the results published in the *Advertiser* and *Chronicle* papers published in our city; as those accounts are correct, I need not here recapitulate. I would however say that the reason the 2d day's race was not better contested, was that there was an inside bet pending between *Pelham* and *Fanny Kemble*, and Fanny being so far behind in the second mile, Pelham, was consequently held back, so as to be able to meet her on fair ground in the second heat.

The bet between COL. JOHNSTON and MAJOR KENAN, is drawn, Col. Johnston not being able able to purchase *Joe Swiler* at a reasonable price.

Our Club is now firmly established, and you may depend on a good account of the next Club Races, for we have a fine track, and Alabama bred horses are equal to any horses in the United States.

I am Sir, very respectfully
Your Obt. Servt.
THOS. BATES, Sec'ry M. J. C.

ALEXANDRIA, (LA.) RACES.

We have given before the result of several recent matches over the Rapide Course, furnished by our correspondent, and now continue the report from the same source.

FRIDAY, April 15. Purse $300. Two mile heats.

F. Henderson's b. m. *Mary Jane*, by Bolivar, dam ——, 5 yrs. old, 107lbs	1	1
Thos. J. Wells' c. f. *Kangaroo*, by Hephestion, dam by Director, 2 yrs. old, 83lbs	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 4:3—2d, 4:9. Mary Jane the favorite 10 to 4.

A very close race the 1st heat, and the 2d little less so. Kangaroo, a very promising colt, lacked the bottom to compete with the stout, long striding mare though he frequently locked her in both heats.

SATURDAY, April 16. Purse, $300, (entrance money, and $50 added by Props.) Mile heats, bes t 3 in 5.

Mr. James Davy's s. g. *Seagull*, 3 yrs. old, 83lbs	1	1	1
Col. J. A. Scott's gr. c. *Veto*, 4 yrs. old, 100lbs	2	2 dr.	
Mr. Thos. J. Wells' b. g. *Big Black*, 4 yrs. old, 97lbs	3 dr.		

Time, 1st heat, 2:00—2d, 2:1—3d walked over.

The track was very heavy; owing to the disparity between the horses little sport was afforded, Seagull winning the two first heats with ease, and galloping round for the 3d.

The following gentlemen comprise the officers of the Alexandria Club:—WM. N. WILSON, Esq., *President*; WM. J. CALVERT, Esq., *Vice President*; V. TAPP PAGE, Esq., *Secretary*.

BRILLIANT SWEEPSTAKES.

The following sweepstakes are closed to come off over the St. Francisville (La.) Course on the Monday preceding the spring meeting of the Jockey Club, 1837. The sub. to the 1st, is $1000, h. ft. Three mile heats.

Messrs. Chin & Smith name b. c. *Arbaces*, by Bertrand, dam by Virginian:
Col. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. *Oktibbeha*, by Leviathan, dam by Bertrand:
Mr. Thomas J. Wells names b. f. *Wings*, by Bertrand, out of Jenny Cockracy.

The 2d Sweepstake for two yr. olds, is to come off the following day, (Tuesday.) One mile heats, $1000 sub. h. ft.

Dr. Ira Smith names s. c. *Glaucus*, by Bertrand, out of Betsey Baker:
Col. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. *Tishi-Mingo*, by Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy:
Mr. Thos. J. Wells names ch. f. by Leviathan, dam by Virginian:

OPELOUSAS, LA., JOCKEY CLUB.

This club promises to show the mettle of the high bred cattle in that section before many days. The following list of its officers, (from our correspondent) is enough to establish both facts:

JACQUE DUPRE, Esq., *President*.

Vice Presidents, JESSE ANDREWS, and AMOS WEBB, Esquires.

Edward W. Taylor, Esq., *Secretary* and *Treasurer*.

Benj. F. Linton, Esq. *Corresponding Secretary*.

Stewards for 1836—Messrs. Andre Lastrapes, Stephen W. Wyckoff, Auguste Dejean, Jon. Harris, Laste Dupre, Lewis Andrews, John L. Garrett, and William Link.

TAPPAHANNOCK, VA. JOCKEY CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR—I hasten to inform you of the result of the Tappahannock J. C. Meeting which commenced on Wednesday, the 4th inst., on the Mount Clement Course.

Mr. Wm. Williamson's ch. c. by Gohanna, dam unknown, won the Sweepstakes, $100 Entrance for 3 yr. olds, mile heats, beating Col. White's ch. c. *Cash*, and Mr. Tayloe's *Marcia* at two heats.

Col. White's b. c. *Jacob*, by Carolinian, dam unknown, won the Sweepstakes, $50 entrance, mile heats, beating Mr. Charles Tayloe's b. c. by Snowstorm, dam by Walnut. Two forfeits. *Course very heavy from rain.*

The Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, was taken by Mr. J. P. Corbin's ch. c. *Tryo*, 4 yrs. old, by Timoleon, beating Mr. Wm. Williamson's gr. h. *Westwood*, by Hotspur, and Mr. Tayloe's b. g. *Switch*, by Botetourt Whip, at four heats. Switch won the first heat; was third the second; Tryo the other two. Switch the favorite, and the knowing 'uns beat. It was a severely contested and doubtful race to the last jump. *Course heavy but improving.*

The J. C. purse, 3. m. h., $300, Mr. J. P. Corbin's ch. f. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Chares out of Betsey Robinson, beat handsomely Mr. Williamson's b. c. *Buccanneer*, by Gohanna, Mr. A. Burwell's ch. m. by Hiazim, and Col. Hoskin's ch. m. *Anne Varnish* by Red Rover. The last heat was run in 5:57.

The Saddle matches, and scrub racing were too numerous for a country reporter to keep way with.

The proprietor gave notice of a $1000 match to be run over this course the Monday before next fall meeting, 3 m. h. between *Robin Brown* and *Isaac Cline*, (winner of a sweepstake over the Union Course, N. Y.,) also of a Sweepstake for a silver pitcher, 2 m. h. for 3 yr. olds, to close 1st of August. Now four subscribers.

A SUBSCRIBER.

SHORT HORNED STOCK.

The very fine Durham Short-horned Stock offered for sale a few days since, at No. 103½ Liberty-street, reflects great credit on that spirited stock farmer Ralph Watson, of East Windsor, Connecticut, who raised them and brought them to market.

There is something in the pure blood that always tells, or bespeaks a breeders care, as well in one kind of stock as another;—a peculiarity of conformation distinguishes them from a less favoured race, that pleases the eye and affords evidence of their superiority in form and qualifications. The most of Mr. Watson's stock exhibited in Liberty street, might please any judge of good cattle and were according to the writer's notions fine, very fine animals. Several of them were beautifully formed about the head, the muzzle being so small as to make it possible for them to have drank out of a tea-cup. The attention that this stock seemed to command, shows an increased interest on the subject of cattle, and assures us that the matter will not end where it is. Our fine climate, abundance of provender, and extensive fields, must in the end secure us all that we can desire in the way of farm cattle. Mr. Watson's stock is beginning to be known favorably in several parts of the United States, and is understood to have originated mainly from his Imported Bull Holderness, exhibited successfully in the Park in this city at twenty-five cents admittance in 1826; his Imported Bull Lord Althorp, got by the Earl of Exeter's Bull and imported in his dam's body; the Imported Bull Nelson, from Mr Coling's stock and others not now remembered by the writer of this paragraph. Gentlemen wishing fine English cattle would do well to visit East Windsor, for judging from appearances, and the stock seen at No. 103½, Mr. Watson must have in reserve, some nice creatures.

A LOVER OF STOCK.

SUGGESTIONS ON TRAINING.

DEAR SIR:—It is a crying evil with men not rich, or who have not the means of a trial of colts at home, and I have endeavored in a common way to bring to Breeders' notice the expense, attending a trial of speed. You would benefit the Turf by copies of actual Bills in different sections of the country, and by informing your readers the most economical way of trials. I have my trainers, riders, &c., so I don't feel it, but I know several who are frightened at the heavy bills of *Public Stables*.

OLD VIRGINNY, MARCH 9, 1835.

MR. EDITOR—I am told you be noing. Now how must I manage *New Ceres*—called so since I got your new paper. I thanks for your sending the one No. as I got heartily tired waiting for the old numbers, that never come all winter. But I must go back to *New Ceres*. He jumped them are try bars when 6 week old and if he can't outrun old Clips, shute 'im. My nabors say the cost of fit out is

about	$40 00
Two men like Bob and Tom to rub and ride	40 00
Two months trane	60 00
Exercise, and this ledes a long chase	20 00
	$160 00
Sum stake or uder	100 00
	$260 00

Whew! Whew! Cant risk dat much sum. Spose we go in partners. You and I run and pay ——— to trane, and we go half. Figer the bill den; if we win a 300 dollars. Now haint there some mis stake in this Sweet Stake.

Here is his bill, out and out, and make the best end on't.

Two horses run	$200 00
Two forfeit	100 00
We win	$300 00
We pay any how for training two colts and one entry and one forfeit.	$220 00
and	150 00
	$370 00

So the trainer gits all the money and we luse $70 if we win, and if we luse, we luse $370.

Now Mr. Heditor, poor people cant rase horses, lest you give us a chance to try them, and do let all your Reders tell us, how every body trys there colts, all over General Jackson's Cuntry.

YOUR SUBSCRIBER AND A RALE RASE MAN.

P. S. Hav you saw dem *Spunging* Resolutions. I must traduce som in the clubs if you cant mend some of dere way. Ruffin says som thing about Rase Horse in March Farmer's Regster, from Peterburg, Va. *Read it.*

REMARKS. At the North public stables are considered altogether preferable to private ones, both for utility and cheapness, except a breeder maintains a very large establishment. The number of private training stables both in New Jersey and New York is limited. On Long Island, where there is no end, literally, to the number of thorough bred horses, there are but six that may be considered regular establishments for the training of race nags; and the number of stables for trotting horses is not above three or four, at most. A good trainer—not a first rate—may be hired for from $10 to $15 per month, and boys to rub and ride for about $5 on the average.

We shall be pleased to receive actual *bills for training* in different sections of the country, as suggested by our correspondent. Their publication might be useful to many interested in the sports of the turf.

Scarlett, (better known as *Splendid*,) a ch. colt, 3 yrs. old, by Waxy, dam by Tiger, has been sold by Mr. A. Conley of Kentucky, with his engagements to Messrs. Perry & Thurston, of Louisiana, for $4000!

Messrs. J. M. and T. J. WELLS, of Alexandria, La., have bought three thirds of *Dick Chin*, for $2200, of James Bradley, Esq. of Louisville, Ky.

MATCH AT MOBILE FOR $5000.—The items subjoined are furnished by the Mobile Morning Chronicle:—

A match race was closed yesterday, between Major Kenan and Colonel Johnson, for $5000 aside, half forfeit—Major Kenan to run *Birmingham*, and Col. Johnson *Joe Swiler*, two mile heats, to come off some day in November next, to be run conformably to the rules and regulations of the Mobile Jockey Club.

We are requested to say that, by accurate measurement made on Wednesday morning, the track was ascertained to be 33⅓ yards over the mile.

On Wednesday last a *trotting match* took place at Blackheath, between the chesnut horse Phenomena, the property of Mr. Barton, of Stockwell (it being his 15th match,) and Mr. D. Dunk's bay horse Cocktail, two miles in saddle, for 10*l* a side; Mr. Barton's horse rode by Mr. Burroughs, the Sporting Tailor, and Coctail by the owner, which was won cleverly by Phenomena, beating his opponent 100 yards, and doing the distance in six minutes and 32 secouds. The winner is matched against Mr. Ableton's (of Whitecross street, baker,) bay mare, two miles in saddle and two miles in harness, for 20*l* a side, each match to come off on Wednesday week, at Smithenbotham, the saddle match at two o'clock precisely, and the harness match at three o'clock.

FIELD SPORTS FOR APRIL.

———"Such are your pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements—such, each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy."—SOMERVILLE.

The showers of April, whilst they obliterate for a season the traces of some of our Field Sports, produce and become welcome allies to others. Thus, though the keepers of harriers no more quests for his game—though the follower of the "long dogs" has killed his March hare—and the shooter dropped, till the withering leaves of October rustle again, his last pheasant—as

——— ——————"High in air
He waves his various plumes, stretching away
Wit.. hasty wing"—

yet the Fox hunter joyously will follow the jovialty-inspiring sport he and all good fellows love so well; and the Stag hunter continues

——— ———"On early dawn
To list the challenge of the horn—
And view before the thirsty hound
The bearded red deer wildly bound,
Whilst coverts with the crash resound."

In some of our sporting counties April is, indeed, considered the month for congregating brilliant fields, and inducing gallant performances.

The race course will now, too, be peopled with anxious speculators, and pressed by high mettled steeds.

Within a short time, following hard on these, "th' amphibious otter" becomes an object of pursuit. The sport is, however, but partially followed in this our day; but yet it is, in our opinion, entitled to more consideration than many are inclined to award it.

ANGLING.

"Now if the chrystal stream delight thee more,
Sportsman, lead on—where through the reedy bank
Th' insinuating waters filter'd stray,
In many a winding maze."

The fisherman may now, in good earnest, put together his tackle—arm himself with "taper angle" and silken line, and hook, and hackle, and creel, and wheel—and hie to his favorite stream—be it the Cam, the Ouse, the Severn, or the Avon—and there, his "ain gad in his han'"—

"Patiently muse, and all intently stand,
To hook the scaly glutton."

Prove but the atmosphere warm, the wind propitious, and the waters clear, he may (possessing tolerable skill, and a store of patience and perseverance, which should be his motto) reckon, even with the fly, to basket not only the Barbel and the Bleak, but the more wily Trout. Still, till May flings, like softly-floating peach blossoms, the ephemerial insect upon the bosom of the rippling wave, the ground bait will be decidedly preferable; and to a young angler, in particular, a more certain lure. In ripples, and strong currents, the spinning minnow, or the live bait, either well scoured red worm, or the cob, or the real minnow, must be found even more effective.

Tench will, also (says Mr. Slater, in his excellant work,) sometimes feed this month; as gudgeons, eels, barbel, bleak, &c., certainly do. "For all these (he adds) I should recommend the ground bait, unless, indeed, the weather be unusually warm, when the fly may be used with success." And now, brethren of the angle, having given you words of encouragement of our own; and a few hints from a much more experienced fisherman than ourselves, we commend you to the waters, and there may you be made to say—

——————"See, down sinks
My cork—that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends—surpris'd, amaz'd,
For liberty—till, in the purer air,
He breathes no more!"

[Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

THE APPROACHING TURF SEASON.

The total number of horses of all ages in training at Newmarket at the present date, March 23d, is three hundred and twenty, dispersed of course through a variety of stables, the *elite*, however, being for the most part confined to the care of about a dozen or so of the leading trainers. Cooper has thirty, Prince twenty-seven, Stephenson ten, Beresford eight, Forth five, Pettit twelve, J. Edwards ten, Scott twelve; and a few other leading stables, with the list of whose teams I have not been furnished. A glance at the number of horses in the market for the Great Spring Races will shew the casualties of the winter better than a folio written about it. Out of Lord Jersey's three nominations for the Derby, but one remains; and as an antagonist *over the Flat*, where he will shew for the Riddlesworth, he is admitted to be a very formidable nag: of course I allude to Brother to Nell Gwynne. Brother to Riddlesworth is thrown up—Brother to Silenus is dead.

The Northern lot, with the exception of Mr. Ridsdale's, is not in favor in the eyes of the Newmarket people—they describe them as a "dicky looking lot," a provincialism, but expressive.

Of Mr. Ridsdale's, Brother to Giles is the best spoken of. Mulberry has the reputation of being a promising goer, and of those out of the betting none seem in more favourable odour than Royal George, by Royal Oak out of Destiny.

Of Brother to Maria I had received a very favorable account from a Northern friend, but since his appearence in the South I have been able to learn nothing about him. Brother to Emiliana is a favorite at home: they speak of him both in form and rate of going as a racer all over. My notice of the Three-year-olds extends no further—as a body I fear they are far from the promise of former years.

MUNDIG is not to be seen in public, which of course accounts for his having fallen to the fag end of those speculated about for the Portland Handicap. The others in that Stake are going well.

Before I conclude, I must say a few words on the two years-olds of the Season, the finest body of young ones remembered at Newmarket for a very long time. At the close of the last season such of them as I saw were all first-rate: they have trained on well from every account that has reached me, and we may look for a Season in the present in which the young stock will make up for all deficiency in the others, and finish with abundant hope and speculation for the time to come.

Old London Sporting Magazine for April, 1836.

A THOROUGH BRED DOG HATES A BAD SHOT.

A gentleman requested the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, and was informed that the dog would behave well so long as he could kill his birds, but if he frequently missed them he would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched by the leaden showers that fell around it, till at last the pointer became careless, and offen missed his game; but, as if seemingly willing to give one chance more to his luckless master, he made a dead stand at a fur bush, with his nose pointed downwards, the forefoot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this masterly position he remained firm till the sportsmen was close to his tail, with both barrels cocked; then moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backward and forward, when out sprang an old black cock. Bang, bang, went both barrels, but alas! the proud bird of the heath still soared in the air unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and, instead of crouching at the feet of his master till he reloaded, he turned boldly round, laced his tail close between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and off he set, and stopped not till within sight of the kennel door.

BATTLE HYMN OF TEXAS.

ORIGINAL.

Rouse, Texians, rouse, for the foemen are nigh us,
And the haughty Spaniard has made it his boast,
That his minions and slaves will scorn and defy us,
And hark to his squadrons, they're now on our coast.

On, Freemen, to Battle! Shall despots appal us,
And trample our alters and homes in the dust?
No! Justice and Honor, and Liberty call us
To fight in their cause, and conquer we must.

By the mem'ry of martyr's whose memory we cherish
Who unburied lie in thy walls *Alamo*,
We'll charge on the foemen, to triumph or perish
While Valor shall guide us—Revenge nerve the blow.

The Spaniard may boast of his renegade numbers,
We have swords—he must pass them—and woe to his course,
The soul of a *Texan* ne'er trembles nor slumbers,
Tho' small is our band we can conquer his force. F. L. W.

THE DECAPITATED FIGHTING COCK.

The Cock that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.

The following pathetic and heart rendering account of an old lady and her cock occurred a short time since at Union Hall: an elderly female, in widow's weeds, approached the magistrates' table with tears trickling fast down her cheeks. She stood for some time, and appeared so absorbed in grief as to be unable to give utterance to her feelings. The magistrates, perceiving she was in great trouble and anxiety of mind, desired her not to agitate herself, and a chair was placed for her to sit down upon until she became more composed. In the intermin a trival case of assault was disposed of, upon which Mr. Chambers, observing that she had recovered in some measure from her agitation, inquired the nature of her application. The question was scarcely asked, when the applicant drew from under her silk cloak the headless body of a cock, and holding it up in her hands by the legs, while the blood fell in drops from the lacerated neck, 'There,' said she, uttering a couvulsive sob, 'there, your worship, you see *my cock without a head*,' The display of the dead cock, and the emotion exhibited by the poor widow for the loss of her darling bantam, caused great laughter, instead of the sympathy it was evident she expected from all who heard her complaint. "Well madam," inquired Mr. Chambers, '*how came your cock in that condition, with its head cut off*.' Applicant, still weeping, 'Your worship, the poor thing's head was struck off by Mr. *Glasscock*, my nextdoor neighbor, with a sabre, while *his cock* and *my cock* were fighting together; and I want to know if I cannot obtain redress for so diabolical an act, for I can call it nothing else.' Mr. Chambers inquired how the *cocks* came to engage with one another; whether they had been *matched* to fight by the applicant? The applicant said that *her cock* got over the wall into Mr. *Glasscock's* yard, and then the two *cocks* began at one another, when, in the midst of the fight, Mr. *Glasscock* ran out with a drawn sword in his hand, and with one blow severed the head off *her cock*. A voice here from amongst the crowd listening to the case called out, 'Well, old lady, you can have *cock broth* now as soon as you please.' The applicant, hearing the words, said, 'Me eat this poor cock—no not for a thousand pounds. My poor mother, who died at 96 years of age, reared the poor bird, and out of respect to her memory—for I knew she was fond of it—I was anxious to keep it as long as I lived, had it not been for my cruel neighbor, Mr. *Glasscock*, who deserved to have his head cut off for serving out the poor bird in this manner. (The applicant here gazed at the *dead cock*, and, smoothing down the feathers on its back, said, 'Well, it had as pretty a plumage as any *cock* in the kingdom, and could fight well, too, but I did all in my power to prevent any thing of the kind.') Mr. Chambers, 'Well, madam, I have listened very patiently to all you have had to say relative to the *dead cock*, and now must inform you that I can afford you no redress. You can summon Mr. *Glasscock* to the Court of requests for the value you set upon *your cock*, and that is all the advice I can give you.' The applicant here dropped a low courtsey, and while engaged in tying up the body of her *cock* in a pocket handkerchief, she shook her head over it, and exclaimed aloud, on leaving the office, "I shall never, never more, see its like again.'"

Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.

French taste.—Every body is infected with what is called French taate, which, by the bye, is no taste at all, except a most corrupt and vitiated kind of taste for every sort of montrosity. Even the English are partial to horrors; Hare was hunted, which is nothing unnatural, for people like hunting hares; but we allude to another kind of game, and that was Hare the famous suffocator. Burke, too, was quite a lion, until the hangman ended his excessively hapless days, and then he was quite an attractive piece of stage exhibition. Thurtell's gig was sold for five times its value, because it belonged to a murderer; and as to the brains of the murdered men they were bought up at a price such as never before was given for such an article, whether dashed out, blown out or otherwise. But great as the English 'gout is for horrors, we do not come near the French for this kind of thing, wdo never can sup sufficiently full of horrors.

Fieschi has been a tremendous lion, though most persons think he rather resembled a tremendous tiger; but whether tiger, lion, hyæna, panther, or rhinoceros, he has made a most delightful thing to talk about. Fieschi was a rare murderous rascal, and the enthusiasm about him has been proportionate to his rascality. Then again, Nina Lassave, his mistress aud accomplice, has been made a rare show of, and has positively been let out to a coffee shop, at the rate of two-pence per day, as a star, to draw in the lovers of coffee and murder; where for two-pence a cup, they can drink their mocha, and quaff their horrors at the same moment. In fact, though we imitate France in every thing, we ought not to advance too rapidly in following its propensities to the horrific, or we shall be patronizing parricide, regicide, infanticide, suicide, homicide, and all other *cides* besides, by the way of getting up domestic spectacles for the contemplation of those inclined to such curiosities.

Figaro in London.

Journal of a Watchman.—Last night, all beaten black and blue; nothing white about us but our feathers; looked like forty-eight black princes; all brave as lions, but fought with our heels in compliment to the Mare; fighting with heels comes natural to a Mare.

Last week, did not look out—patriotically saving about forty pounds to the city, besides six or eight robberies. Our idleness more beneficial than our industry—not to ourselves but to others.

Last night, stalkad through the city very slowly, to show that we were not running—the "forty-eight" treated disrespectfully by a passenger—did not like to attack him—afraid lest he might have a companion within hearing—heard a whistle in front of us—wheeled about, taking the long steps of a duellist measureing his own distance—when fatigued, slackened our pace on finding that we were not pursued; alarmed by the barking of a dog—sent a deputation of muzzlemen to negotiate with him; broke open two public houses, empting the bottles and the till; were at last driven to the watch-house by rain; dispersed a little before sunrise, each man with half a dollar and his share of prize money.

Montreal Herald.

Sporting Advice from an old Man.—On a cross-examination in court during the last week, we find some home truths were elicited relative to the famous animal, ycleped Pucelle, who ran for the Derby at Epsom last year. Amongst the numberless outrages committed yearly on the turf, surely this ought to be a matter for investigation before the Jockey Club: and we are quite certain no one would wish a matter of such import brought to light, more than the noble Duke himself, who was the proprietor of the animal and the reputed owner of Shelalah. We have often deplored the loss of that heaven-born jockey, honest *Frank Buckle*, and could he be placed on the scale with some [or one] we would name, he would [by a weight of honor] be exalted to the skies, whilst the other would sink with infamy to the lowest pit of eternity. We have lived long enough to remember the race with Sunbeam,—we have not forgotten Elizabeth for the Oaks at Epsom, nor Bellville for the Doncaster St. Leger, nor Whisker and Equator at Newmarket, nor the General at Epsom, nor Marcus at Doncaster,—we are well acquainted with the whole history of Glaucus and the Prince Lewellyn; and if our eyes did not greatly deceive us at Epsom last year, and our ears at *Tattersall's*, that most miserable of animals, Pucelle, gained more heaps of gold on the Derby race, than any of the former ever gained wreaths of laurel. We do trust the world in these enlightened days will not be so blind this year as to have anything to do, either pro or con, with persons and animals on neither of whom can there be placed the least dependence.

FOR THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Written in a Stage Coach with nine Feminine Females in full cry.

Eternity is lengthy, people say;
They are not wrong;
And tailor's bills, alas! I know full well
Are rather long.
But there are very few, I think,
So green, so young,
As to compare such momentary things
With woman's tongue. QUIZ.

A Character of Lord Abinger.—A most disgraceful scene was enacted on Wednesday in St. Pancras, by a set of blackguards who met for the purpose of nominating vestrymen. Their manners, language, and conduct were perfectly characteristic, and would have disgraced the lowest fishfags of Billingsgate. More intense vulgarity, more bullying audacity, more shameless mendacity never yet was exhibited to degrade the human character. Amidst all these dirty fellows, appeared the candidate for the borough of Marylebone, Mr. Murphy, and the cheers with which he was received were the homage due to his exalted talent, and befitting both him and his noisy swinery which gave it. The great man spoke, and, *inter alia* thus described one of the greatest lawyers this country ever produced, always excepting *Mister* Murphy himself:—"I have been before the Court of Exchequer," said this pride of the shirtless and soapless, "and there I saw the Chief Baron, a fellow sitting with a big wig on, the only thing that gave him dignity or importance."—Lord Abinger will doubtless be dreadfully cut up at this; but he will have his revenge. Some of the yelpers may come before the "fellow with a big wig on," when they will be absolutely *transported* at his appearance!

FANCY PARODY.

Air—"The Ministrel Boy to the War is gone"

The *leary cove* to the mill is gone,
In the P. C. ring you'll find him,
His blue bird's eye he has girdled on,
And has left his *flame* behind him.
Fancy sport, cried the *leary cove*,
Though every *Beak* betrays thee,
One soul at least thy *Sprees* shall love,
One faithful *chaunt* shall praise thee.

The cove was *floor'd*, but he show'd high game,
Nor like a cur knocked under.
His *chaunt* will ne'er be *clear* again,
For his nose was split asunder.
Leary cove, said his *flame* in a pet,
Thou *pink* of love and bravery,
Since thou art *floor'd*, I'll a service get,
And spend my days in slavery.

"What is the longest thing you can remember?" asked an acquaintance of King Methusalem. "The hard frost in 1709," was the ancient's promptly reply: "it lasted 19 weeks."

Chit Chat &c.—"Poor Miss Howe!" cried Smith "not married yet!" "Do you think she ever will be, Bob?" "Oh I know not," replied Bob, "*How-ever* I think she will be."

"What a stupid Washington letter-writer the Daily employs!" said a politician one day. "Oh!" answered Bob, "I think he *corresponds* very well with its editor."

Are you going to build up the burnt district?" asked a countryman of Bob.—"Oh yes," was the reply, "the district will be *re-stored* before spring."

"What will you give for my dog?" asked Smith of Bob. "Give! I'll give him a cursed flogging if you dont keep him out of the way," was the reply.

"What sort of a character will you establish with the ladies?" said the pretty Miss H. "if you steal their Hoods, when they are going home!" "Oh!" answered Bob," "they will consider me I suppose, *Robbin Hood*."

"There is one thing that the House of Commons and Lords would mightily like to *divide*," said Fergus O'Conner to Mrs. Nisbett. "And what's that," said the lady. "Why the *supplies*; they'd like *to divide them amongst themselves*," was the reply of the patriotic patlander.

Some of the poor fellows who were in the house that fell down at Liverpool, were waiting for a wind to take them to America. The Bishop of Exeter whose great benevolence is not a barrier upon his well known wit, said, "Waiting for *wind* indeed! what a *blow* the accident must have been to them."

A spirited Vendor.—One of the vendor's of newspapers was, as Charley Pearson would say, *vending*, or *wending*, his way along the Strand, when an impertinent blue devil stopped him, and wanted to examine the contents of his wrapper. The vendor instantly instructed the blue devil into what a *wrapper* might be, by giving the said blue devil a *wrap* or two in the eye,—so that the *wrapper* was sure to be near enough to the blue devil's optics. We wish every other vendor would shew he was at least worth a *rap*, by adopting the same *rapid* mode of answering all impertinent inquiries. The policeman walked away, *wrapt* in contemplation deep. We trust our readers will excuse this *rhapsody*.

Figaro in London.

A Pious Picker-up.—Of a verity some of the advertisements that appear would shake the sides of Momus himself were he in this our portion of the sublunar sphere. The following appeared the other day:—"Wanted, a serious couple to take charge of a large house in the city. This may suit some unencumbered married women, whose husband is otherwise employed."—We will wager ten to one this has been inserted by a liquorish Dissenter. A "*couple*" are advertised for—but "the unencumbered married woman" is the desideratum, "whose husband (convenient man!) is otherwise employed." This from one of "the decidedly pious!" These are funny times, my masters!

Canine Fancy.—The match between Jock Black's Ed. buffer Cato and Tom Barnes' dog *Bounce*, will certainly come off in a few days at Charley Easthope's Pit,—Slums, Westminster.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacie is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as naturai as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Proffessor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, New-York.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher, Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. Hewitt & Co.'s Music Store, and at Atwill's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

∴ Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, Jun.

THOROUGH BRED COLT.

FOR SALE—a sorrel colt, three years old, on the tenth day of the present month—got by Talma out of Dove. *Talma* is full brother to Alice Grey, and was got by Henry out of Sportsmistress—she, by Hickory out of Miller's Damsel, the dam of Eclipse. *Dove* is by Duroc, out of Romp, (full sister to Miller's Damsel) who was by imported Messenger, out of the imported PotSo's mare, bred by Lord Grosvenor. On the surpassing excellence of the pedigree, nothing need be said to persons who are conversant with turf history. The colt has been carefully reared, and is clear of every imperfection. Persons disposed to purchase, willl judge for themselves, how far his form and action, are in harmony with his descent. may be added that he is from the stud which has produced Robin Hood, Post Boy, Tarquin, Ecarte, and Nelson, all winners, of whom one has made the best time in a two mile run, which our annals furnish, viz. 3m. 44s. and another is now fairly at the head of the American Turf. Three of these five, trace back through Miller's Damsel, to the PotSo's mare, and the other two, are from a Hickory mare; one by Eclipse, and the other by Henry. Apply after Saturday immediately preceding the first spring Meeting Union Course, at the stables of Mr. J. R. Snediker, where the colt many then be examined. April 23 1836.

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed npon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

ECLIPSE MARE FOR SALE.

A Gentleman has for sale a very fine sorrel mare, 5 yrs. old, by Eclipse, dam by imported Expedition. She has been a frequent winner, though not in training the present season. She may be seen in the vicinity of the Union Course, during the 2d Spring Meeting. For further particnlars enquire at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. may 14

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to acy gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

NEW-YORK AND PROVIDENCE STEAMBOAT COMPANY.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the splendid Steamboat, PRESIDENT, Captain E. S. Bunker, or the BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Captain Robert B. Coleman, will leave New-York at 5 o'clock, and Providence at 12 o'clock.

For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad-street, or to the Captain, on board, at the foot of Courtland-street. feb 20

BAREFOOT,

ONE OF THE FEW HORSES IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensung season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . $25 the season

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start*,—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles,) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp* out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto*. *Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artrois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50*l*., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, [above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,] Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrving 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. ecch, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1 2 hnds high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very acae, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are retivctfully invited to call and examine this horse.

JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
Union Hotel, Long Island.
feb 20

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

DIAMOND GROVE, Ill. - - -	Jockey Club, Thursday, May 26th.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - - - -	Jockey Club, Thursday, 26th May.
GRENSBURG, Ky. - - - - - -	Match, $5000 a side, 4 m. heats, Angora vs. Rodolph, W'y. 21st Sept.
KENDALL COURSE, Md. - -	Near Baltimore, 4th Tuesday, 24th May.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. - - -	Jockey Club, 4th Wednesday, 25th May,
MADISONVILLE, Miss. - - -	Monday, 23d May.
NEW-YORK CITY, - - -	Jockey Club, Union Course, Second S. M. 4th Tuesday 31st May.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - - -	Match, mile h. $5000 a side. Red Maria vs. Chuckfahila, 6th Dec
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - - - -	Jockey Club, Thursday, 31st May.
NORFOLK, Va. - - - - - - -	Jockey Club, Wednesday, 1st June.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - - -	Eagle Course, Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country, may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Glencoe coming to America.

The highest price we believe, ever paid in this country for a horse, was when $17,500 was received for *Shark*, in 1833-4. It is understood that *Glencoe* has been snapped up at the same high figure, 3500 guineas! He makes his present season in England, after which he will be imported to America to grace the stable of JAMES JACKSON, ESQ. of Florence, Ala.

AMERICAN STUD BOOK.—This work is yet in preparation for the press. To aid an object of such interest to the breeder and turfite, this paper will publish such pedigrees as have not been communicated to the compilers, if the owners or others would be so obliging as to forward them to us. We desire to have the colour, age, &c. after the following form. 1814 ch. c. American Eclipse by Duroc, dam Miller's Damsel by imp. Messenger; grandam imp'd mare by Pot8os—Gimcrack—Snap-Dragon by Snap, &c. We solicit the aid especially of the frequenters of the Union Course, and should be gratified to publish the pedigrees of *John Boscomb, Admiral, Cadmus, Bill Austin, Black Heath, Juliana, et id omne genus.* It will be the fault of such owners of blood who take this paper, if their thorough breds have not an insertion in the forth coming work.

WASHINGTON, CITY, May 16, 1836.

DEAR SIR—*Nell Gwynne* (No. 8 of Lewis Berkeley's stock,) has dropped a large bay *filly* foal, by imp, Tranby for which the name of *Helen Faucit* is bespoken.

Hardinia, (No. 4 of Lewis Berkeley's stock) has dropped a bay colt foal, by John Hancock for which the name of *Peveril* is bespoken.

I regret that your "Correspondent" and *others*, should have taken offence at my remarks in relation to "little Knight." I have always thought the *acting of actors*, a fit subject for *criticism*. I would advise Mr. Knight in future to avoid the "*rashness*" of undertaking such parts as *Figaro and Pedrigo Potts*, "*without proper preparation*"—and also to bear in mind, that those who go to the Theatre are not to be satisfied with the flimsey excuse, about "a bold and terrible undertaking," and "great desire to serve the lovely" any body. If my ears did not deceive me, I heard ABBOTT prompt *some one* in Hamlet—what excuse for this?

The "*Hawks of Hawk Hollow*," is a pretty fair thing. But was it not horribly butchered? ROGERS played his character well, some others played the *devil* with theirs.

Yours truly, N.

☞ *Edw. Armstrong, Esq.* of Newburgh, in this state, offers for sale his valuable stock of fine thorough bred horses. To gentlemen desirous of strengthening their stables, an opportunity like the present is seldom offered, and as Newburgh is reached in half a day from this city by steam, strangers in attendance at our races can readily attend Mr. A's sale, in relation to which see advertisement on this page.

The down East girls, according to an inuendo in the Bangor Farmer, have a droll way of amusing themselves, viz:—by *chewing* spruce gum, mingled as it frequently is, with dirt, dead musquitoes, and swamp flies, and passing it from one mouth to another. The editor of the Farmer likes to get between a couple of the prettiest, and take his turn. Boston Morning Post.

AN EAGLE FIGHT.—The Woodbury, N. J. Constitution says, that while Isaac Hinchman, Esq., was riding near Repaupo, in that county, on Friday last, he heard a noise overhead, and on looking up saw two Eagles in fierce contest with each other. In a short time both birds fell together. But before Mr. H. reached the spot, one of them had flown off; the other he found dead, with a wound close under the wing, and other severe bruises. The dead eagle measured six feet from tip to tip; a quill plucked from its wing bears upon it conclusive proofs of the deadly strife—it being much broken.

A PANTHER.—The Village Herald, of the same place, mentions that a *panther*, measuring five feet in length, two in height, and of uncommon muscular po wer, was shot by David Beckley, in the "Long Swamp," about three miles from the village of Blackwood-town, on Saturday of last week. Its skin has been preserved.

A gentleman, whose son had lately died, was visited by a neighbor, who began to condole with him on his loss. "My loss!" exclaimed the father; "no such thing. It's his own loss—he was of age."

SAW.—A sort of dumb alderman, which gets through a great *deal* by the activity of its teeth. N. B. A bona fide alderman is not of "wise saws" mentioned by Shakspeare, at least in "modern instances."

AMERICAN FEELING AND GENEROSITY.—The Augusta (Ga.) volunteers, under Major (Doctor) Robertson, though, like their brethren in arms, bringing no laurels of victory from the sterile swamps of Florida, were received with as cordial and heartfelt a welcome as though the song of glorious trinmph had heralded their approach. Salutes of artillery were fired and the bells merrily rang as the boat came up, while the banks of the river were literally covered with the citizens, and among them woman, with her fair hand and tear of joy in her eye, and the gush of feeling in her warm heart, were there, waving the white kerchief of peace and gladness, and strewing the path with flowers as she flew again to the embraces of a father, a husband, or a brother, now once more safely returned to his altars and his home. An eloquent address greeted them, to which an eloquent reply was made by Major Robertson. A day was also designated for a dinner to be given to the volunteers by their fellow citizens. These are honorable testimonials of a noble feeling in the American character. Star.

The locomotive from Germantown, yesterday, came in contact with a cow and cut her in two. Phil. Ledger.

These locomotives then, it appears, are good for the increase of *stock*—the owner has a pair of cows. Baltimore Transcript.

Buffalo is growing. Two large ships for the lake navigation have been recently launched there. It will soon be the New York of the Lakes. There are some pretty ladies at Buffalo. We have seen them. Morning Herald.

Matthias, it is said, is preaching in Wiscasset, Ohio. He has got another wife, but not another beard. His new religion, like his chin, has been pruned of its exeresences. He may yet be able to raise the steam. Ib.

VOLUNTEERS FOR TEXAS.—The Mobile Register of May 2d, says:—A force amounting to from 500 to 700 men, is ready to start from Mississippi, in three divisions, one from Vicksburg on the 5th instant, a second from Natchez on the 6th, and a third from St. Francisville on the 8th. They will rendezvous at St. Martinsville, and cross tha country to Harrisburgh.

THE ECLIPSE—Of Sunday seems to have gone off very well. In fact it went off so *slick* in this city, that scarcely any body saw it. It was too early in the day, however, for a sunday exhibition—people are so much in the habit of rising late on that day. If it had been adjovrned till about noon, there would have been a much fuller house. N. Y. Transcript.

A QUICK PASSAGE.—The last trip of the William Gibbons steam packet to and from Charleston was a remarkably quick one. The passage out was only sixty-five hours from wharf to wharf, and the passage home seventy four hours.

GREAT SPEED.—The sloop Caledonia, Capt. Warren, Lansingburg, made last week, what is said to be the quickest passage ever performed on the Hudson—having made the trip from Troy to New York and back again in *forty*-seven hours. Courier.

A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—A fellow was engaged to a girl in Maine, but liked her sister better than he did her. Wishing to be off with the old love before he was on with the new, he asked his betrothed what she would take to release him—she replied that about sixty-two dollars, she thought, was as much as he was worth; whereupon he ponied up the dust, took a quit claim, and married the sister. Boston Post.

DAVY CROCKETT'S LAST.—When the gallant Colonel passed through Nacogdoches on his way to join the Texian army, before the capture of the Alamo by the Texians, he carried with him the celebrated rifle which was presented to him in Philadelphia two years ago, and which he familiarly called his "Betsey." On leaving the town, he was surrounded by a number of persons to whom he made a short address, in the course of which he used this expression: "I will die with my Betsey in my arms—No—I will not die. I'll grin dowu the walls of the Alamo. The Americans will *lick up* the Mexicans like *fine salt*." This prediction was verfied. The Alamo was taken, and the Mexicans expelled for a short time. The disastrous re-capture of the fort, however showed that the walls of the Alamo would not stay *grinned down*. Phil. Gaz.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE. The reader is referred to page 110, for a great variety of original details relative to Turf matters.

THE DRAMA ON THE WATER.—A floating theatre is advertised in the Cincinnati papers—it is tastefully fitted up divided into boxes, parquet, &c. and *locales* itself at the end of one of the wharves. Some of the papers pronounce it more commodious than the theatre on *terra firma*. The Gnomes of the earth should support it, if it were only for the sake of meeting the water nymphs. Mr. Eaton was announced to play a run of characters, being "his first appearance on the Ohio!" We hope the language of Shakspeare will not be realised in this case.

Stanley—Richmond is on the seas.
Richard—There let him sink, and be the seas on him. Baltimore Transcript

We regret to learn that MRS. PRITCHARD, so justly celebrated as one of the first melo-dramatic actresses of the day, has been dangerously ill at Buffalo. Though convalescent, Mrs. P. has been prevented by extreme debility from commencing her engagement in that city, much to the disappointment of the inhabitants. We hope soon to hear that she is completely restored to health, and able to resume her professional avocations. Star.

Mr. Hannegan, in the House of Representatives, a few days since, having on some occasion made a motion to clear the galleries, said "he did not wish to *embrace the ladies!*"

LONDON POLICE.

ASSAULT.—Jonas Watkins, a very bilious-looking journeyman shoemaker, brought *Mrs. Mary Davis*, rosy-cheeked well-looking woman, before Messrs. Dyer and Conant for having threatened on more than one occasion to "serve him out," and also for having well thumped him last pancake day, with a piece of carpet.

Your Worship (said the complainant,) I can't make a long statement, because unfortunately I've got an impediment in my speech. I shall only say that every lodger in the house where I live, always respected me until about three weeks ago, when the defendant and her husband came to live there. Since that time, I have led the life of a dog, and I'm compelled to claim your Worship's protection. On the very first day when I went up stairs I found a pair of pattens had been placed on the landing, but not wishing to make myself disagreeable, I took no notice of the circumstance. On the second morning the long broom was also hung there, and a day seldom passed that I didn't either fall over a pail or the scrubbing brush. Not more than a week, or certainly ten days, hadn't elapsed before I found a large pack, which at first I thought was a feather bed, but after a minute investigation I discovered it was nothing else than a sack of chips.

Mr. Conant—What has all this to do with your complaint? Come to the assault at once.

Complainant—I'm coming to it, your Worship, as fast as the impediment in my speech will let me. The next morning, as I was going up stairs, Mrs. Davis holler'd out, "There goes that old rascal who pisoned his wife with his messes, and who wants to pison me," and to give your Worship an idea of the atrocious conduct I've suffered, I will just say that I lost my *grinstone* very mysteriously, and after looking for it two days, I found it in the dust hole.

Mr. Conant—Come at once to the assault.

Complainant—I'm coming as fast as possible. On the next morning I was going into my bed-room in the dark.

Mr. Dyer—At what time?

Complaint—About five minutes after the milkman came.

And what time did the milkman come?—Just after I'd opened the shop.

Answer me, man. At what hour do you mean? Oh, about six o'clock in the morning. I was looking for the key-hole, when I received a thump at the back of my head, and on turning round, there I saw Mrs. Davis, with a roll of carpet in her hand. This is the assault, and my witnesses are ready to come forward.

A funny little woman, evidently on the fidgets to give her testimony pushed her way toward the Bench, and said—I'm Mr. Watkin's, your Worship, and I'm come a purpose to give my evidence.

Mr. Dyer—Well, what have you to say?

Witnnss—Why, I can prove all about finding the grindstone in the dust hole.

Do you know any thing about the assault?—Oh, dear no, I wasn't present.

Mr. Dyer—Well, then, we will dispense with your statement. What have you to say to the charge, Mrs. Davis?

Defendant—I deny having assaulted Mr. Watkins. He's the most despicable man, peeping, prying, and mischief-making, and if he don't leave the place, I will. Besides, he's done me a private injury.

Mr. Dyer—What do you mean by a private injury?

Defendant (holding up a sack)—Look here, he's burnt a hole in the bottom of my bag, and now it won't hold my husband's chips.

Mr. Dyer—I can make neither head nor tail of this case. You must get your husband to enter into sureties for your good behaviour, and then the warrant is discharged.

KENDALL JOCKEY CLUB RACES, 1836.

THE Spring Meeting, over this course, will commence on the *fourth Tuesday in May*, (the 24th,) and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $300 entrance, $100. forfeit. Five subscribers, and closed; viz:

1. Jas. M. Selden's ch. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal.
2. Jas. B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
3. R. Gilmor, Jr's gr. c. Frederick, by Byron, dam Allikroka.
4. W. L. White's ch. c. Cash, by Carolinian.
5. J. S. Garrison's b. c. Norwood, by Monsieur Tonson, dam (the dam of Hanslap) by Sir Archy.

Same day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. Five subscribers, and closed; viz.

1. Jas. M. Selden's b. f. by Sussex, dam Brunette, (sister to Gohanna.)
2. Jas. B. Kendall's b. f. by Spring Hill, dam by imp. Jack Andrews.
3. R. Gilmor, Jr's ch. c. Howard, by Sir Charles, dam Sally Walker, by Timoleon.
4. Levi Hoffman's b. f by James Cropper, dam by Bay Richmond.

Second day, Jockey Club purse, $500; three mile heats; free for all ages; entrance $20.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, $700; fourmile heats; free for all ages; entrance $30.

Fourth day, Proprietor's purse, $250, two mile heats; free only for nags bred or owned in Maryland and District of Columbia; entrance $15

Same day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. Three or more to make a race; to name and close on the 15th of April. To this stake there are now two subscribers, and it is expected there will be many more.

On *Monday*, the 23d, (the day previous to the regular races,) an interesting *match race*, for $1,200, will come off, between two celebrated geldings, belongingmg to Jefferson county, Va. mile heats.

Sweepstakes now open:

1. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, two mile heats; free only for Maryland bred or owned, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To run fall meeting, 1836. Entrance $200, h. f. To name and close the first day of September, 1836.
2. A sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, two Mile heats. To run Fall meeting, 1836. Entrance $300, $100 forfeit. To name and close by the first day of September, 1836.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies, foaled spring of 1836, to be run spring of 1839, mile heats; entrance $1,000, $250 forfeit. Now six subscribers, and many more *promised*.

The proprietor, in offering the above list of races, hopes it is such as will give general satisfaction. The great number of fine horses in training this spring, and the season being backward, he has been induced by the advice of his friends to give a purse of $500, three mile heats; to do which he has taken $300 from the four mile day, and added $200 more, which makes up the $500. Several improvements in the course and fixtures, suggested at the last meeting, are now being made, and when completed will render the Kendall Course second to none in this country. april 23—4w.

HARLEM PARK TROTTING COURSE.

THIS beautiful course is now open for the accommodation of the public for Training Horses and for Matches. The proprietor has taken especial care to alter and improve the track. Purses are intended to be given shortly, of which the public will be notified in time. Acknowledging past favors and soliciting a continuance of their patronage, the proprietor trusts his friends and patrons will support him so long as he continues his endeavors to deserve it.

Harlem, N. Y. April 23, 1836. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

MOBILE AND ST. LOUIS THEATRES.

N. M. LUDLOW, (of the firm of Smith & Ludlow, Managers of the above named establishments,) will be in New York and Philadelphia, the latter part of May, when he will be ready to receive propositions from such persons as may wish to engage for one year.

The Evening Star will please copy daily, inside, until forbid.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

SUPERIOR TONED FLUTES, &c.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON.—The attention of amateurs and artists of Music is respectfully invited to an inspection of a valuable assortment of Flutes and Clarionets recently received from the manufacturer, among which are several of the celebrated Taylor Flutes.

The simple construction, the durability and elegance of the Taylor Flute render them worthy the attention of every performer on that instrument. They are manufactured of the best seasoned cocoawood, with eight or nine silver keys with double springs; silver hands, with or without the ivory joint.

The superior construction of the keys stands unrivalled; they stop with the greatest accuracy, make no rattling noise, and are not liable to get out of order. The great fault of incorrect intonation in Flutes is well known. By close application and great care, the imperfection has been remedied in the Taylor Flutes. These will be found extremely easy to blow, and posess a superior and peculiar sweetness of tone.

Each of the above Flutes are examined by Mr. P. H. Taylor, professor of the instrument, and none are genuine unless marked "P. H. Taylor, Approved," accompanied by his certificate.

Also—Flutes and Clarionets of every pattern and number of keys, both silver and brass. Every instrument is warranted, and can be returned if found imperfect.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's.

may 14

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

HORICULTURE.

THE subscriber respectfully invites the Ladies and Gentlemen, Amateurs, Florist, &c. to his splendid collection of *new Flowering plants*, viz. *Geraniums, Rhododendons Agaleas, Calceolaris, Cactuses*, &c. He has now in splendid bloom at his Garden and Greenhouse, corner of Willoughby & Jay st. near the Military Garden, Brooklyn, L. I.

RUSSELL. Florist, and Landscape Gardener, from London. may 21-3t,

TO SPORTSMEN AND BREEDERS—BLOOD STOCK.

THE subscrber, will offer at Auction on the 7th of June, all his Blood-Stock—consisting of Mares, Horses, and Fillies, by Henry, Eclipse, imported Autocrat, &c. Among others worthy of attention is a bay mare by Henry out of the dam of Cadmus.

The sale will take place at 2 o'clock, P. M. at his Mill Farm [formerly occupied by Col Archer,) one mile west of Hampton, which is the regular landing place for all the Albany and New York boats, or persons preferring it, can land at Newburgh, and return to New York in the Newburgh boat by 9 o'clock same evening

may 21-3w EDWARD ARMSTRONG.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, will commence on Wednesday, June 8th, 1836.

First Day—At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, mile heats, subscription $300, and $100 forfeit, four or more to make a race, (to name and close on the 20th of May.)

Also, the same day, a purse of $200, mile heats, free for all ages.

Second Day—At 12 o'clock. a purse of $300, two mile heats.

Third Day—At 12 o'clock, Citizens' Purse, $1000, four mile heats. Entrance for the Citizens' Purse, $40, $300 of this purse to go to the horse that is second in the last heat, provided he is not distanced.

TROTTING.

On the first day of the races, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $100, to be trotted for, under the saddle, two mile heats, free only for green horses that never won a match or purse over that amount.

Also, on the second day, at 3 o'clock, P. M. a purse of $200, to be trotted for, in harness, two mile heats, free for all.

Also, on the third day, at 3 o'olock, P. M. Citizens' Purse of $200, to be trotted for, under the saddle, mile heats, best three in five, free for all.

The Purses to be Trotted for according to the rules of the Hunting Park Course. Entrances for all purses will close, (except for the first days,) at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half past 2 o'clock, P. M. ☞ A list of the horses that are entered, will be published in the United States' Gazette, Philadelphia, on the morning previous to each race. Good stabling, in the vicinity of the course, can be secured by early application to the subscriber.

O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, May 6, 1836. may 14

NEW SERIES FOR 1836

The New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

f the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

E SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well rounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, plan of this publication will include a wider range; and the concerns of *Literature* and *Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman general reader.

r the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

HE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give rest to the sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing endar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a register of the Turf.—Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and respondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as etofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

nd, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs he ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of ell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made n the English Sporting Magazines.

LOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock ome and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses and a r review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns.

ROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this coun and the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of or strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We l take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we ll record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

PORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do not hesitate to promise our read earlier *Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* s, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

IELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch ces across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the st and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us.

t would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly divers which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the mes*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the dission and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that UATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
PORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES;
OURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c., &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely son it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our iginals to notices of *New Books, Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letrs, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of nerica and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, e would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest the Drama will den and our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood, }	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood, }	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence o learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance). - - - - - - -	$5 00
For Six Months. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. - - - - - - - - -	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion. - - - - - - - - - - - - - -	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER, Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836

SACKETT & BRANCH,
PRINTERS.